

Sports Illustrated



MAY 8, 1978

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NBA PLAYOFFS

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Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

Submitted: 2006-09-20, 11:11 AM

The Bulls shot past the Spurs and even surprised Philly, but Denver could not buck Milwaukee by Curry Kirkpatrick and John Papanek

American divers showed that they were as strong as ever with impressive performances in two major international meets. **by Bruce Newman**

Some legends are more legendary than others, as Sam Snead, 65, proved in the \$400,000 Legends of Golf tournament. **by Dan Jenkins**

Alydar, Affirmed and Sensitive Prince head one of the strongest fields in years as the May madness hits the bluegrass. **by William Legett** 25

Roses, tulips, "My Old Kentucky Home," that's the tourist's Derby—but artist Oscar de la Renta viewed the stoned scene with a fresh eye. 30

Race walker Ron Lind has no regular job or address—only plans to make the U.S. Olympic team for the fifth time. **by Barry McDermott**

The perks of playing rural tennis include bulls that horn in on your game and snakes that steal tennis balls. **by J. D. Reed**

With his daughter, the author canoes a beloved river the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and assesses the state of its health. **by Bill Gilbert**

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HE WHOOPS AND HE HOLLERS and that, all psyched up, Mark Rom goes out and bowls them over as the professional circuit's high roller. Herman Wespik! tells of the life and tempestuous times of the man they call the Cookscrew King.

INDY REGULARS are Jim Hurtubise and that outdated front-engine car he attempts to qualify every year. Just what is the man who broke the Speedway's qualifying record as a rookie trying to prove 18 hard years later? Kim Chaplin investigates

Source: <https://www.bls.gov/news.release/whs.wk2.htm>. Accessed 10/10/2019.

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BOOKTALK

By ROBERT H. BOYLE

HOOKING COOKS ON EVERYTHING FROM THE SEA ROBIN TO BOILED PERIWINKLES

When A. J. McClane, who served as fishing editor of *Field & Stream* for 30 years, writes a book, the result is almost always memorable. *The Practical Fly Fisherman*, republished in a new edition in 1975, is a standard in the field (the first edition, issued in 1953, is a collector's item, commanding more than \$100 at last report), and McClane's *New Standard Fishing Encyclopedia and International Angling Guide* is a monumental work without peer. Now McClane has written *The Encyclopedia of Fish Cookery* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$35). As McClane's readers have come to expect, it is an extraordinarily thorough volume, containing more than 350 recipes, almost 700 color photographs by Arne deZanger and reams of information and advice.

To McClane, there is no finer food than a fish taken fresh from the water and prepared with "a totality of concept, usually simple in form but accompanied by vegetables or fruits of the season and fresh garden herbs in honest sauces—when sauces are required." Although the U.S. is blessed with a rich bounty of fishes (even given its pollution problems), McClane contends that most Americans have little "understanding [of] the raw materials" that make fish a gustatory treat. This applies equally to the angler who fails to dress and chill his catch properly and to diners who are squeamish about eating, say, the grotesque-looking sea robin, an abundant fish that is excellent when broiled and is the granddaddy of authentic Marseillaise bouillabaisse.

McClane's career in the kitchen—and he is a well-known gourmet, with such dishes as lobster Thermidor, McClane the add's mushroom caps and whipped cream to the standard recipe named after him—has been part hobby and part "self-defense." The latter, he claims, was brought about by his years of travel, frequently to remote regions where cooking was "often pertinent to survival." There is some exaggeration here, because it is obvious that McClane survived very well: he is living on a whetfish while stranded on Bull Island or eating grilled salmon steaks in a sauce provençal prepared over an alderwood fire in the wilds of British Columbia by none other than Charles Ritz. McClane also knows his way around the better restaurants of the world (some of the top seafood chefs contributed recipes to the book), and it is might be expected of such a globe-trotter, he has a planetary view of practical fire.

He is rife authoritatively of the preparation

continued

CANADA



Arne deZanger

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of sashimi, a raw fish delicacy of Japan, in which different cuts are used for different species (tuna or sashimi are cubed but red snapper should be sliced paper thin). McClane warns that freshwater fish and saltwater drum should never be eaten raw because of potentially hazardous parasites. There is a lengthy discourse on herring that includes, in do other crimes when appropriate, definitions of the terminology used. The name Maitre herring, for instance, is derived from the Dutch word for maiden, because the fish come from the first catch of the year when the gonads are, at most, only slightly developed. In the entry on sole, McClane describes the 33 diverse French versions. The Chinese get highest marks ("the finest cuisine in the world"), and as proof he cites the undistinguished rockfish, which can be made into an elegant dish by using the unique Mandarin method of "scoring" to assure perfect heat penetration. There are articles on cooking methods and frozen fish, in the entry on the goldeye, a rare delicacy from Canada and the Dakotas. McClane notes that this fish is one of the few that actually improves with freezing.

Familiar fish are treated as as much detail as exotic ones. There are entries on carp, catfish, sunfish ("The crispy fried tail is a nutlike dividend") and yellow perch, of which McClane writes, "Few mortals would deny that a yellow perch taken from a clear cold pond is a supreme taste experience."

McClane also discusses squid, periwinkles ("delicious when simply boiled in salted water"), clams, sea urchins, scallops (accompanying by a mouth-watering photograph of a dish called Peachy Calico Scallops), crabs, lobsters, crayfish (the largest is found in Tasmania, "a culinary treasure" that weighs about eight pounds) and mussels. Mussels are not only superb eating but "extremely nutritious, containing about 12% protein, 2% fat and 4% to 8% carbohydrates. A mussel is relatively rich in vitamins, particularly A, and minerals such as iron, copper, calcium and phosphorus." For all this, mussels are relatively unpopular in the U.S., although the French alone eat 80,000 tons a year.

Oysters draw considerable attention from McClane. Oysters Rockefeller are really Huitres à la Maitre, but they were so renamed in this country because of the richness of the ingredients (spinach, parsley, fennel, shallots and scallops). The U.S. leads the world in oyster production, followed by Japan, France, Denmark, The Netherlands and Canada, and those found on the Atlantic Coast of this country are unexcelled. Of these, says McClane, the best are oysters from Florida's Indian River. One could quarrel with him on that, a leading Chesapeake Bay oyster authority once told me that the best oysters came from New York's Long Island Sound, mainly because the water temperatures there are the closest to ideal. But then, chabon a son goût.

END

CANADA



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VIEWPOINT

by RON RAU

AN OUTDOOR MAGAZINE WITH A MINIMUM OF ME-AND-JOE-WENT-HUNTING TALES

"I started it because I wanted to subscribe to it," is how Ed Gray explains the genesis, in 1976, of Gray's *Sporting Journal*, a breath of fresh air in outdoor magazines.

Gray's subscription rate is expensive (\$18 a year for seven issues) but the publication is exquisite. It is also a gamble, at least for Gray. He is betting that enough of America's 60 million fishermen and 20 million hunters are sufficiently disenchanted with run-of-the-mill outdoor magazines that they will want to try something different. And Gray's *Sporting Journal*, which now has a circulation of 50,000, is something different. The pages are of high-quality glossy paper with large print, and the color photography is opulent. Even the advertising fits into each issue like butter into a bun. Many of the ads offer artwork, prints and originals of wildlife and hunting and fishing scenes sold by artists and galleries. The lavish color, clean design and limited advertising make the magazine a visual delight.

The writing, too, is a treat. Happily, there is a minimum of jargon-filled outdoor articles, the formula stories of me-and-Joe-went-hunting. The pieces sometimes take an irrelevant 20th-century approach that admits that the good old days are gone, while telling outdoorsmen what is left to enjoy, which is a lot. This breezy approach has offended some conservative sportsmen: subscriptions have been canceled because of the occasional appearance of four-letter words, anti-macho sentiments and blunt reports on overcrowded hunting and fishing conditions.

In his seven annual issues, three of Gray's journals are devoted to fishing, three to hunting and the seventh, "Expeditions & Outings," is sort of a catch-all. The hunting and fishing issues are billed as "Trout & Salmon," "Bass & Pike," "Trophy Fishing," "Upland Birds," "Water Fowl" and "Big Game." As a result, each issue is more like a book than a magazine, but then the price is book-like, too—\$2.75 for a single issue, when one can be found. Try the book section of a large sporting goods store or subscribe by writing Gray's *Sporting Journal*, P.O. Box 190, Brookline, Mass. 02146.

Also like a book, Gray's journals are hard to throw away. If they do not find a place on your library shelf, pages from them will surely adorn your wall. And what is left will be passed on to hunting and fishing crimes. One thing is certain, they will not be taken to the basement with yesterday's newspaper. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by WALTER BINGHAM

CLIPPING

According to Bill Brubaker of the Miami News, top pro prospects among the nation's college football players have learned a new game, and it isn't played on Saturday afternoons in the fall. Take the case of Kentucky All-America Defensive End Art Still. Still admitted to Brubaker that before the 1977 college season began he agreed to be represented by New York agent Matt Snell, the former Jet fullback. Reason? He wanted some spending money, and Snell was willing to lend it to him, even though Still was violating NCAA rules.

Since then Still has dumped Snell, indicated he would sign with Los Angeles agent Mike Trope, borrowed money from Trope, dumped him and signed with another agent, Harold Daniels, from whom he says he has also borrowed money, although Daniels denies it.

"This is a commonplace occurrence," says Trope. "It just never surfaces in print."

For his part, Still shrugs it off. "Everybody will make mistakes and do something illegal," he says. "I was one of those people who made mistakes. I just found a better deal. Daniels and Mike Merkow [Daniels' associate] charge only 3%. My mom told me to keep my eyes open because there's always something better." Still says he will repay the loan from Snell.

But that doesn't satisfy Snell. "I've got news for him," Snell told Brubaker. "The peu teams don't want problems, and right now Art Still represents a problem. Let's say Miami drafts him, and all of his agents show up. Who do they deal with? I have the first contract the kid ever signed, so my contract will be enforced. I know one thing, Art Still is not going to make a fool out of me."

NOT OVER THE...

Probably no one except Frank Merriwell can match the sports career of Jesse Hill, now 71 and about to retire as commissioner of the Pacific Coast Athletic As-

sociation. A five-sport athlete in high school, Hill went on to Southern Cal, where he set an IC4A broad-jump record, played fullback for Howard Jones before the biggest crowd of all time (123,000 in Chicago's Soldier Field in a 13-12 loss to Notre Dame in 1929) and was the top hitter on the baseball team. Upon graduating cum laude, he signed with the Hollywood Stars and hit the first pitch thrown to him for a home run. Sold to the Yankees, he played center field next to Babe Ruth during spring training in 1932, hit .305 for the Senators in 1936 and .272 for the Senators and Connie Mack's Athletics in 1937.

After eye troubles cut short his major league career, he coached football and track at Long Beach City College, served in the Navy and then won two NCAA titles as the Southern Cal track coach. Drafted as the football coach, he shifted Frank Gifford from defense to tailback and became the first Pac-8 coach to beat the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl, with a 7-0 win over Wisconsin in 1953. From 1957 to 1972, Hill served as USC athletic director, and upon leaving that job at 65 became the first full-time commissioner of the PCAA.

"Now that I'll have plenty of time on my hands," says Hill. "I think I'll start playing golf again."

UP IN SMOKE

Virginia Slims has been synonymous with women's tennis since 1970, when Gladys Heldman, then publisher of *World Tennis* magazine, introduced the two to each other. Since then, the January-March tour has prospered, but now it appears that the two have come to a parting of the ways.

Exactly why is unknown. Both Jerry Diamond, the WTA's executive director, and Ellen Merlo, brand manager of Virginia Slims, say there is disagreement over the tour format. Slims wants it to remain the same, with a substantial increase in prize money—that is, \$11 \$120,000 tournaments with a field of 32, and

an eight-player championship event at the end of the season. WTA wants a new look, including at least two \$200,000 events for only 16 players. Negotiations between the two groups went on for five months before breaking down.

"It's a time of great opportunity," says Billie Jean King, an advocate of the new format. "We have to move forward. That's why we wanted to inject some new sparkle. The women will have to deliver a good product, as we always have, and I imagine we'll have more than \$2 million in prize money next winter."

BETTER HALF

Mark and Gail Drury, both 21 and married for a little more than a year, recently made history of a sort when they became the first husband and wife to ride against each other in a race at Pimlico. Neither won, but Gail, on Barkley Square, which went off at 24 to 1, fin-



ished seventh, eight lengths ahead of her husband, who finished 12th and last aboard Kiria Eleni, a 173 to 1 shot.

Would either claim foul against the other in the event of interference? "Damn right," said Mark. "If Gail wants to do a man's job, she has to take the risks of a man."

Man's job, Mark? Man, you may be in trouble.

DUE BILL

An amateur sports law has been a long, expensive, contentious issue in coming. This week, when Senate Bill S. 2727

continued

IBM Reports

Information: a matter of life.

When firemen respond to a blaze in Wichita, Kansas, they are likely to know in advance if there are any invalids in the residence who will need special help. The fire department's computer system provides instant information about where any of 400 invalids in the city live—information that can be relayed to firemen while they are speeding to the fire.

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ELIGIBILITY: If you are between the ages of 12 and 17 and will not reach your 18th birthday before August 16, 1978, you are eligible. The tournament is open to both male and female golfers.



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 Belleville City Schools — Bill Pufalt, 233-0034
 Bloomington Normal-McLean County — Doug Holloway, 828-1341
 Boone County — Gary Anderson, 398-6800
 Brown County — R. E. Pearson, 323-3018
 Carroll County — James Bangs, 235-4121
 Cass County — R. E. Pearson, 323-3018
 Central Illinois — Dave Merritt, 789-9500
 Champaign County Area — Wayne Eberhardt, 356-2211
 Chicago Board North — Ken Klehr, 631-6474
 Chicago Board South — Ron Macetic, 448-5900
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 Christian County — Mike Ryan, 824-3020
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reaches the Senate floor, with a do-pass recommendation from the Commerce Committee, it will have in its lineage years of hearings, volumes of records of NCAA-AAU battles (Arbitrator Theodore Kheel once said amateur sports feuds were more difficult to settle than the toughest labor disputes), dozens of prior bills and a presidential commission's recommendations.

In essence, S. 2727 would broaden the U.S. Olympic Committee's charter to enable it to serve as a central coordinating body for all the sports in the Olympic and Pan-American Games. This legislation would empower the American Arbitration Association to settle questions of athletes' rights and hassles between groups seeking recognition as national governing bodies in specific sports. The bill also contains a list of reforms that national governing bodies such as the AAU must make to retain membership in the USOC and includes a one-shot federal appropriation of \$30 million. Of this, \$18 million is to go to the sports governing bodies for development programs and \$12 million to the USOC for Olympic training centers and a desperately needed sports-medicine program.

Passage is probable. The lobbying powers of the high school associations and the NCAA, which can be formidable—rest assured that your Congressmen return the calls of university presidents and athletic directors—will not be unleashed against S. 2727 so long as a number of promises are kept.

As the bill took shape in committee, the NCAA opposed it. One NCAA attorney repeatedly told Senator Ted Stevens (R., Alaska) that he would suggest improvements but even if they were incorporated, the NCAA would still fight the bill. "Our members will countenance no more federal intervention," said NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers. The toughest issue was athletes' rights. The NCAA feared disruption of its programs if athletes were free to wander off to China the week of the NCAA finals. For their part, athletes insisted that a guarantee in law was necessary to correct a continuing train of abuses and to make it clear to unreconstructed officials (Byers being one) that athletes must not be pawns in jurisdictional squabbles.

After a series of strained meetings, the athletes' representatives agreed to deletion of that section of the bill defining athletes' rights, and the NCAA agreed

to rejoin the USOC (it had left in a huff in 1972) and thus become subject to USOC constitutional provisions for athletes' rights (even these had to be watered down to suit the NCAA). That done, the NCAA announced it will not oppose the bill.

Now the sponsors—Senators Stevens, Richard Stone (D., Fla.), Jim Pearson (R., Kan.), John Culver (D., Iowa) and Howard Cannon (D., Nev.) and Representatives Norm Mineta (D., Calif.), Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.), Robert Michel (R., Ill.) and Ralph Metcalfe (D., Ill.)—must guide this delicately balanced plan through a Congress that is always ready to tack on leaden amendments. "I know the American people are behind a strong amateur sports program," said Senator Stone last week on his way to a White House meeting. "I hope now to convince the Administration, which has been neutral, that this is the best possible start." If Stone wins President Carter's support, passage will be virtually assured. Then, from all those who have gone before, such as John Kennedy, Douglas MacArthur, Kheel, Archibald Cox and Gerald Ford, we will surely hear a faint and weary but gratified cheer.

QUIET PLEASE

At the Brooklyn Park, Md. library you can take out a tennis racket or a game of Monopoly, shoot pool, play Ping-Pong in the basement or even fly one of the library's kites. You can also borrow books.

Edward B. Hall, administrator of the Annapolis and Anne Arundel County public library system, is partly responsible for these innovations, which were instituted to cope with the hordes of kids swarming into the reading room on hot days in search of air conditioning, not books. Hall must be doing something right. His system is fourth in the nation in per-capita circulation. Books, not air.

TALL STORY

China's national basketball team unveiled a secret weapon in a recent game in Tokyo against a Japanese all-star team, a 7' 9½" player named Mu Tieh-Chu. Mu is no Dr. J when it comes to moves and, in fact, he doesn't run or jump well, but as the Japanese coach, Teiji Hatanaka, pointed out, he "was more effective than we thought he'd be." Mu played only half the game but scored 21 points in an 88-84 victory for China.

To rebound, Mu merely stood on tip-

toe, but that was effective against the Japanese, whose tallest player was 6' 7". And he stuffed the ball without leaving the ground. Fouling him didn't help because he was deadly from the line. Said Hatanaka, "We didn't know how to control the fellow. An incredible player he was."

FALL GUYS

For its expanded 16-week regular-season schedule this fall, the NFL has devised a formula that is supposed to balance the competition and make life within a division more equitable. The new plan gives the first- and fourth-place teams in a division the same non-division opponents. The second- and third-place teams also have common opponents. The fifth-place teams have it easiest because their schedules include four games against other fifth-place teams.

All well and good and complicated, but disparities still exist. Using 1977 win-loss records as a barometer, the two Super Bowl teams, Dallas and Denver, have the 10th and sixth easiest schedules, while Los Angeles and Pittsburgh have the second and third easiest. New St. Louis Coach Bud Wilkinson gets initiated by Chicago, New England, Washington, Dallas, Miami, Baltimore and Dallas again in his first seven weeks in the NFL. But the toughest schedule in the NFL belongs to the 3-11 New York Jets, whose opponents had a combined winning percentage of .576 last year and include both the Cowboys and Broncos. The Jets won that distinction over the 3-11 Buffalo Bills because in head-to-head competition last year, the Jets scored one more point than the Bills to beat them out for fourth place. But that was a big point. The Bills' opponents have a winning percentage of .473.

Before anyone starts feeling sorry for the Jets, it should be known that Jim Kensil, the man who drew up the schedule for the NFL while he was its executive director, is now their president.

THEY SAID IT

● Archie Griffin, on his old Ohio State coach, Woody Hayes: "He doesn't know anything about drugs. He still thinks uppers are dentures."

● Don Cherry, coach of the Boston Bruins: "When I said my prayers as a kid, I'd tell the Lord I wanted to be a pro hockey player. Unfortunately, I forgot to mention 'National Hockey League,' and so I spent 16 years in the minors." **END**



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THE BULLETS

Seniority—or is it senility—being as fashionable as ever in our nation's capital, it was not too shocking last week to find the venerable Washington Bullets alive and wheezing in the NBA playoffs. With the antiquated likes of Elvin Hayes, Bob Dandridge and Wes Unseld—total years in the NBA, 29; total age: approximately 129—manning the barricades up front, all the Bullets need is for John Nance Garner to trot out at point guard and they would have a heck of a pinochle hand.

Instead Hayes, Dandridge and Unseld continue to play basketball like spring chickens, which is quite different from the way their Eastern Conference semifinal victims, the San Antonio Spurs, played, which was more like chickens with their heads cut off.

Before upsetting the 76ers in Philadelphia, 122-117, in the opening game of the Eastern finals last Sunday, the Bullets took advantage of San Antonio's undisciplined style first to outrun the Spurs, and then to outscore, rebound and outthink them. Ultimately, what Washington did was use enough different techniques, strategies and personnel to confuse its Texas cousins right out of the playoffs, four games to two.

Which also confused the experts, who figured the Bullets would do their annual playoff el fold. Wasn't this the same team of confirmed creakaholics whose mysterious loss of breath and determination has been a traditional May affliction? The Bullets made the NBA finals in 1971 and 1975 and won no games on both occasions. That's none. Zero. Oh and eight. On the other hand, Washington always seems to get to the playoffs, this being the Bullets' 10th consecutive year of qualifying.

But Bullet Coach Dick Motta was huying none of this fold-up talk. "I've said all along there are five solid teams in this league and that we are one of them," Motta said. "We can stay in there with the others—especially under playoff conditions, when there is more rest, more

specific preparation and more scouting."

Considering that Washington had lost four of its last six regular-season home games and had looked less than overwhelming even while sweeping the Atlanta Hawks in a first-round mini-series, Motta's announcement seemed outrageous. Awaiting the Bullets in San Antonio was a team that had won 52 games and finished eight games ahead of the Bullets in the Central Division.

Still, Motta gambled that his muscle-men could run with the helter-skelter Spurs even on their home court. He also took a risk by allowing Dandridge to sit out practices and the first game of the series to give his neck and groin injuries more time to heal.

San Antonio won the opener 114-103 on the wings of George Gervin's 35 points, but in the second game Washington went a long way toward clinching the series by pulling away to an early lead and holding on to win 121-117. It was the first time the Bullets had ever won in San Antonio, and the victory gave them the home-court edge. Hayes and Kevin Grevey combined for 59 points, while a hale Dandridge contributed 16 more and harassed Spur All-Star Larry Kenon into 4-for-16 shooting.

Though the San Antonio Ice-man, Gervin, had again performed remarkably—46 points—a pattern had been set. Dandridge would fly downcourt on fast breaks, finesse his way open for soft one-handers or feeds to teammates, and positively humiliate Kenon, whose defensive gestures indicated he thought Dandridge was still on the sick list.

During Game 3 in Washington—or rather Landover, Md., which is about as close to Washington as the Panama Canal—Gervin finally got some help from Kenon, and they combined for 70 points. But the three other Spur starters totaled only nine as the Bullets won again 118-105. Once more Dan-

continued

In a typical display of Bullet muscle, Hayes battles Mike Green as Unseld yanks down a mistimed shot



ARE FLYING

Washington upset the Spurs, then got a surprising edge on the 76ers. In the West, Denver could not buck Milwaukee
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK



dridge was the key man, scoring 12 points in the first quarter as Washington built a huge lead that was never threatened.

Now the Spurs were running scared, so in Game 4 San Antonio Coach Doug Moe elected not to run at all. It almost worked. Settling into a patterned, eat-up-the-clock attack, the Spurs led throughout but could not put the Bullets away. San Antonio was ahead 93-90 with 90 seconds left, but Dandridge—switched onto Gervin late in the game by Motta—forced the Iceman to miss an off-balance six-footer. Washington subsequently took the lead 96-95, and with 32 seconds left, Dandridge again forced Gervin into a peculiar clothesline jumper that Hayes, positioned under the basket, batted away to midcourt. The Spurs

screamed for a govtending call, but all they got was a 98-95 loss.

After the Spurs stayed alive with 13 blocked shots and a 116-105 decision in Game 5 played in San Antonio, their task was clear as well as monumental: they would have to win Friday night in Landover, where they had never won and where the Bullets had not lost this season when more than 12,000 spectators were on hand.

For omen fans, a capacity crowd of 19,035 showed up. Spur Guard Mike Gale lost his uniform in an airline baggage mix-up and had to wear a Bullet road uniform turned inside out. Then the Capital Centre lights went out for eight minutes just after San Antonio had taken a 62-61 lead in the third quarter.

As the Spurs kept close tabs on Hayes and Dandridge, Bullet Guards Charlie Johnson and Larry Wright put in 30 points. With the score tied at 88-88 and 6:40 left in the game, Wright popped in a basket and then fed Hayes for a break-away, eat-this-with-your-tortillas, monster dunk. The jangled Spurs missed their next five shots, not to mention any chance of surviving.

"The dunk broke their backs," said Hayes after his 25-point, 15-rebound performance in the 103-100 clincher.

"If you can't put the thing in the hole, you're gone," said Gervin, and that's exactly where the young Spurs were. For their part, the old Bullets were off to Philadelphia to try to uphold the seniority system once more.

A ROCKY TIME FOR DENVER

by JOHN PAPANKE

When he is much, much older—say, 29—and summing in his retreat high atop Thompson Mountain in the Rockies, David Thompson will probably remember few details of this spring's quarterfinal playoff between his Denver Nuggets and the Milwaukee Bucks.

He will have all but forgotten that the Nuggets, leading the series 3-1, blew a 10-point fourth-quarter lead on their home court last Friday, or that the Bucks tattooed Denver 119-91 back in Milwaukee on Sunday. And even though the Nuggets and Bucks were preparing for a decisive seventh game on Wednesday, it did not necessarily mean his most vivid memories of the spring of '78 will be of the action, because it was during the past fortnight that he rose to the monetary peak of his profession, at the tender age of 23.

And Nugget boss Carl Scheer will not soon forget how the move he had thought a masterstroke—re-signing Thompson before he would become a free agent and announcing it on opening day of the Milwaukee series—backfired when Thompson's game seemed disturbed by the attention the signing drew to him.

Thompson's soaring salary is more stunning than any defiance of the laws of gravity the 6' 3½" guard has ever demonstrated. He will receive \$4 million over the next five years, and this is no phoney-

baloney, deferred contract to be paid out in dribs and drabs through 2001. Thompson will get his loot in cold cash, in annual installments of \$800,000 between 1978 and 1983. "More money than Karem, the Doctor and Pistol Pete," says Thompson. "I feel worthy. I know I could have gotten more, but peace of mind is more important than cash."

Indeed, with the rush of attention the signing brought, Thompson's state of mind was of great concern to Denver Coach Larry Brown, especially when his star forward averaged only 23.5 points in the first two games. "David's not himself," said Brown, who would have been tickled by such a performance from any other Nugget. No matter. Considering the ease with which Denver disposed of the Bucks, 119-103 and 127-111, Thompson could have taken the nights off to go mountain-shopping.

Center Dan Issel ran Milwaukee's John Givens, Kent Benson and Jumbo Jim Eakins until they all looked like they had been processed in a Cuisinart. Forwards Bobby Jones and Darnell Hillman shut down emerging superstar Marques Johnson, and Guard Bobby Wilkerson held Brian Winters to 15 and 14 points.

Then came Game 3 in Milwaukee. Ahead 56-50 at halftime, the Bucks went on a second-half rampage unprecedented in the playoffs, scoring 87 points on 71%

shooting and rolling to a 143-112 rout. Much was made of Thompson's 6-for-20 shooting. The Bucks' Quinn Buckner, it was decided, was a defensive genius.

"What did I do?" said Buckner, one of Thompson's closest friends. "I didn't do anything special. I looked at his face in the first quarter and could tell he wasn't going to play well."

"He hears remarks from the crowd," says Brown. "He knows the television commentators are calling him the Four Million Dollar Man. If he's going to go out every night feeling he has to prove he's worth all that money, he's crazy."

The Nuggets regrouped, and the Bucks fell apart in Game 4, which produced the series' fourth blowout—118-104—and Denver's third victory. For the first time Thompson became a major factor, scoring 34 points. His performance included a 180-degree, behind-the-head dunk that was worth considerably more than the \$4.28 he will be earning for every second he plays in coming seasons.

So it was back to Denver for what figured to be the clincher Friday night. The Nuggets were loose and confident. The Bucks were demoralized, and they were 0-6 in games at McNichols Arena. "What do we have to lose?" said Johnson, one Buck who was not down at the mouth. "I'm just going to have fun."

Johnson's depressed teammates mostly watched as he frolicked in the first half, single-handedly keeping Milwaukee in the game with 18 points and 13 rebounds. The Nuggets threatened to break the game open several times; especially

when Thompson opened the fourth quarter with a gravity defier. As Ralph Simpson threw a pass toward a Coors vendor in Section 18, Thompson rose like a Titan missile, caught the ball in one hand and zinged it through the twine. A moment later Johnson went to the bench with 30 points, 16 rebounds and five fouls. Denver led 94-84.

But Winters, who shot 1-for-4 in the first half, poured in 13 fourth-quarter points, and Johnson returned to score four more in the clutch. Meanwhile, the Nuggets—particularly Isiel, who played the entire series virtually without relief, and Thompson, who had 23 points, but only two in the last 6:30—turned to lead. The Bucks, who apparently did not know that no one wins in Denver but the Nuggets, came away 117-112 victors.

As Lloyd Walton, whose two free throws had iced the win, chanted, "Too young to die, Lawd. Too young to die!"

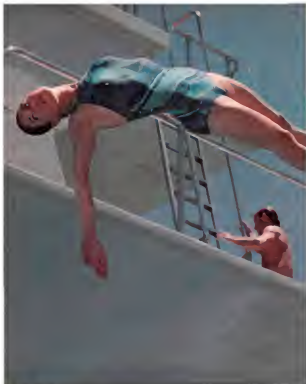
The Bucks certainly proved that Sunday, but not before Thompson committed an egregious turnover by missing the team plane to Milwaukee on Saturday. This left Brown, already upset with Thompson's performance and aloofness the previous week, perplexed, if not downright livid. But by game time Thompson seemed to be his old self, scoring 13 points in the first quarter. Then it appeared as if all the Nuggets had missed the plane. The Bucks erupted, just as they had the week before in Game 3, and Denver did nothing to stop them the rest of the way.

In a 2½-minute stretch in the first half, waves of Bucks outscored the Nuggets 25-4 to build a 19-point lead, and at one point Milwaukee was ahead by 38. Thompson finished with 28, but Isiel was unvisible, getting one basket and six rebounds. Johnson was again magnificent with 17 rebounds, 16 points and nine assists. Seven other Bucks scored in double figures.

In the locker room, Brown choked back tears. "They should have an isolation booth for you to sit in when you get blown out like this," he said. "We just have to regroup and circle the wagons." He used exactly the same words each of the last three seasons when Denver's back was to the wall in the playoffs. Each time the Nuggets lost. **END**



This dunk was not Thompson's only awesome score of late. He also got a \$4 million contract.



Chandler defeated the Russians in Cleveland before running into some tough luck later in the week

PHOTOGRAPH BY LYNN PELHAM

has the endearing Southern habit of turning a straightforward declarative sentence into a question. For instance, she might say, "I dived off that three-meter springboard until there wasn't a Soviet within 38 points of me?" And that is exactly what she did.

Did the Soviets send their best divers to last week's first big international meets of the year? Well, *da* and *nyet*. Platform diver Elena Vaysekhovskiy was home sick, and Sergei Nemissov, their men's tower ace, hasn't been allowed out of the U.S.S.R. since he tried to defect in Montreal two years ago. But then in 1977, the U.S. team went to Leningrad without Chandler and Phil Boggs, also a gold medalist on the springboard in '76, and without the silver medalist in the platform, Greg Louganis. All three were on hand last week, and they were instrumental in the Soviets' undoing.

Boggs, who is 28 and a second-year law student at the University of Michigan, finished 68.65 points ahead of his nearest Soviet rival in the springboard. He also dived surprisingly well off the platform, finishing second to 22-year-old Kent Vosler of Ohio State. Louganis, the 18-year-old high school prodigy from Mission Viejo, Calif., botched one of his required dives and finished third.

When Louganis won his silver medal at Montreal, he was all but canonized as the heir to three-time gold medalist Klaus Dibasi of Italy, who was soon to retire. It was curious talk in a way because Louganis had not yet won a major national title, and, indeed, did not do so until three weeks ago when he won both the one-meter springboard and the platform events at the AAU Indoor Nationals.

"The thing people don't realize is that one mistake can knock you right out of the competition," Vosler said in Cleveland. "And there are at least 20 guys in the world waiting to take you if you do fluter. Greg is a great diver, but it's too easy to say that just because Dibasi retired, Greg is the new king."

If not the new king, then Louganis must be considered first among princes of the high tower. "Greg is the most elegant diver we have," says Ron O'Brien, the 1976 U.S. Olympic coach. "He's the greatest natural talent I've ever seen."

"Greg has everything," says Dr. Sammy Lee, Louganis' coach and two-time Olympic gold medalist on the tower. "He is so space-oriented he never gets lost in midair, and he feels the dive all the way

PLUNGING RIGHT AHEAD

American divers demonstrated they were as strong as ever with impressive performances in a pair of big international meets **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

To the home viewing public, divers are like exotic flowers that bloom every four years during the Olympics, then wilt out of sight and out of mind until the next Games. Of course, they don't actually shrivel up, as last week's events indicated. First came a U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual meet at the Cleveland State University Natatorium and two days later the 13-nation Hall of Fame International Diving Meet in Fort Lauderdale. When the water had stilled, the U.S. divers had ev-

ery reason to believe that 1980 will be another banner year.

The U.S. performance in Cleveland reversed last year's defeat in Leningrad, where the Soviets won easily, 52-36. This time the Americans won 58-30, and they did so by sweeping the first three places in both the men's three-meter springboard and 10-meter platform events. The U.S. team also had 18-year-old Jenni Chandler of Lincoln, Ala., the Montreal Olympic springboard gold medalist, who

through. Even if he should miss on his takeoff he can usually correct in midair."

Evidently the only thing that has prevented Louganis from fulfilling his considerable promise is a tendency to lose his concentration at crucial moments. This is a result of an awareness that winning doesn't have to be the only reason for diving. "I guess I don't have too much confidence in myself," Louganis says. "I never expect to win anything. That way, when I don't win, I still feel I haven't really lost anything, and when I do win, it's just a bonus."

When Louganis is concentrating, he is capable of a spellbindingly poetic kind of skywriting, and when he enters the water, he seems to burrow a hole through which he vanishes. This is called a "rip" entry because of the sound it makes, like a shirt being torn. When it is executed to perfection, it creates no splash whatever—just bubbles, as if the water were boiling.

Louganis is not preternaturally graceful; he comes by it honestly. His mother enrolled him in a dance class before he was three years old, and shortly afterward he was performing song-and-dance routines in talent contests with his older sister. Because he had asthma, a doctor recommended he take gymnastics classes when he was eight in order to build up his lung capacity. At nine he began diving. By the time he was 12, his muscles had developed so much faster than his bones had grown that he had to give up gymnastics or risk serious injury. Now he is channeling most of his energies into his diving, though he does occasionally step out on the disco floor for a little Latin Hustle two-step.

On Saturday in Fort Lauderdale the Americans continued their impressive showing. Although Mexico's Carlos Giron won the men's three-meter springboard, the U.S. placed five divers in the top 10. The U.S. also finished 1-2-3 in the women's platform with Deborah Wilson of Columbus, Ohio winning.

Then on Sunday Louganis hustled into first place, defeating runner-up Falk Hoffmann of East Germany in the 10-meter, 532.53 to 520.17. Louganis was at his self-effacing best after the victory. "Everybody is still a little off, including me," he said. "But that will change at the World Games this summer."

Chandler wasn't as fortunate in the women's three-meter, finishing far behind Karin Guthke of East Germany

when her hand hit the end of the board on her final dive. At the time she was second, six points behind Guthke.

Chandler, who has only recently begun to shake those post-Olympic blues, admitted earlier in the week that she was "a basket case" on the eve of the Russian meet, her first test against international competition since Montreal. "I was more nervous than I had been at the Olympics," she said. That was little comfort to Cynthia Potter, who had led Jenni on points going into the final dive, but lost when Jenni uncorked a dazzling reverse 2½ somersault. "She didn't look so nervous to me," said Potter.

The reason for Chandler's unease was that at the old age of 18, she felt worn out from her Olympic effort. "When you work for a year toward one thing and then it's over, it's just the pits," she says. "I was so burned out I didn't want to dive again, and I thought a lot about retiring. The longest I had gone without diving since I was nine years old was only a month, so after 10 months out of

the pool my body was in shock. Now that I'm enjoying myself again, I'm trying to clean up my act."

Post-Olympic decompression is not all that uncommon, and Jenni wasn't suffering alone in 1977. "The Olympics are the highest any amateur athlete can go," agrees Louganis, "and when you get back home it's hard to adjust. When I came back from Montreal, a lot of my friends at high school wouldn't talk to me because they thought I had changed. It was very hard on me at the time."

To make matters worse, Louganis got mononucleosis, bruised both his heels and injured his back so severely that he had to take muscle-relaxing drugs. "Those muscle relaxers depressed him," says Sammy Lee. "He was talking about retiring and all kinds of crazy stuff. But he's all right now."

So are Vorder, Chandler, Wilson, Boggs and several other American divers, who will endure two more years of obscurity until Moscow and their two weeks before the TV cameras. **END**

Louganis, a silver medalist at Montreal, was in fine form in winning the 10 meter in Fort Lauderdale.



A LIVING LEGEND LIVES UP TO HIS NAME

Sam Snead and money have been close friends for many years, and he wasn't about to let the \$400,000 Legends of Golf title get away **by DAN JENKINS**

At first it was like picking up a golf museum and taking it on the road, in case a lot of folks out there thought Arnold Palmer had invented the game and then lost it to Jack Nicklaus at one of those places like Pensacola or Pinehurst. If so, the Legends of Golf tournament, which took place last week near Austin, Texas, would show them different. Ben Hogan's white cap and cigarette might be missing, but on display would be such treasured relics as Gene Sarazen's knickers, Sam Snead's straw hat, Tommy Bolt's chin, Jimmy Demaret's wit, Cary Middlecoff's dental drill and all sorts of memorabilia from the sport that gave us beltless slacks and three-toned shoes. As such, it was the best of ideas for a game with so much sameness on the professional tour—week after week of Gary Player's putter and wondering who Lon Hinkle is.

The only thing modern about the Legends was the prize money. In three rounds, 24 gentlemen over 50, many of them old enough to gamble with their social security checks, competed for \$400,000, nearly the equivalent of the purse money in back-to-back Kemper Opens. It was nice to see nostalgia rewarded, which at one time happened only at the Masters. The best-ball format was such that even the last-place twosome could earn \$20,000, or more cash than the leading money-winner made for a year's labors in the days when Hogan and Snead first started cashing in.

And speaking of Snead, the Legends provided a surprisingly thrilling finish once old Sam started snuffing all of that Nicklaus-type cash lying around lovely, tree-shaded Onion Creek Country Club, a golf course planted in the center of a community development about 12 miles south of Austin.

Snead and money have been close friends for years. Sam has won more golf tournaments than anyone who ever picked up a club, and not just because he has probably played in more of them,

being so basically indestructible that at the age of 65 he can read the fine print on an endorsement contract without the aid of eyeglasses. Sam won tournaments because he has always had that classic swing and enough natural talent for half a dozen pros. His partner at Onion Creek, Gardner Dickinson, more or less went along for the ride when old Sam took us

back to the days of yore—and pretty much took over the tournament late Sunday afternoon. He birdied each of the last three holes for a one-stroke victory over the Australian entry of Peter Thomson and Kel Nagle, who had seemed for most of the last round to be turning the Legends tournament into a tag team British Open.

And so Sam Snead has won another golf tournament. Why not? He was the most legendary legend in the field. He could only have been tied in that category if Ben Hogan had been physically well enough to compete, or perhaps more interested in the experiment. One has to remember that Snead's name still keeps popping up on leader boards in regular tour events, as if he were planning to remain a regular part of the American



The 65-year-old Snead birdied the last three holes to win with Dickinson at Austin's Onion Creek

sporting scene forever. This is an immortal mortal who won a tournament over younger men as recently as 1965, when he took the Greensboro Open at the age of 52. Better still, this is a man who tied for third—third, for God's sake—in the 1974 National PGA, at the age of 62.

And now they were putting Snead up against people close to his own age. And giving him a chance to win \$50,000 for three days' work. And letting him ride in a cart. Heck, it was almost like telling John Dillinger you knew a bank where the cashiers went home for lunch.

What it came down to, finally, was whether Sam could make one more birdie on the very last hole as he stood out there in the Texas sun, fondling his trusty pitching wedge. The last hole at Onion Creek is a 590-yard par 5. Snead had kept his first two shots between the trees and now he had a dainty little 73-yard pitch shot for a birdie attempt. He put yet one more of those instruction-book swings on it and the ball began inhaling the flagstick. The shot came down right over the pin and spun back with all of the accumulated magic of Snead's years, stopping about three feet from the cup. And of course Sam rolled it in with the non-yip, semi-croquet putting stroke that he adopted several years ago as the best remedy for the aging golfer's difficulties on the greens, where nerves are likely to have become a greater problem than reading the breaks.

Actually, Snead and Dickinson had been, as Sam put it later, "in the bag," meaning they had it lost with about five holes to play. Nagle, who has long been noted for his wizardry on the greens, had knocked in everything but Jimmy Demaret's latest cocktail. The Aussies had led after the first round with a six-under-par 64. After the second round, they trailed by three when Snead and Dickinson shot an eight-under 62. But Nagle birdied five of the first 13 holes on Sunday, thus giving his team a one-stroke lead. There was roughly one hour during the day when it appeared that the foreigners would surely get away with most of the money.

This was when Gardner reminded Sam that he was the No. 1 legend on the premises. "My little partner kept bumping it into the fairway and giving me a chance to swing at it," Snead said. "And he kept telling me I could make those putts."

Nothing gets a golfer pumped up like

"killing a rattlesnake," in the words of Snead. It was at the 13th hole that he had to do it. He had to make a downhill 12-footer to save a par for the team, or they might have been as far from Nagle and Thomson as Austin is from Sydney.

"Downhill 12 feet and left-to-right break is four-punt distance for me," Snead said. "I been known to knock them kind to Virginia. But it just trickled in. And Gardner said if that could happen, there wasn't no tellin' what else might."

What else did was Sam's nine-foot birdie that rammed into the cup at the par-4 16th, and the eight-foot birdie that dropped for him at the par-3 17th, drawing Snead and Dickinson into a tie with Nagle and Thomson, leaving the four with one legendary hole to play. Snead's last birdie put the winners 17 under par with a score of 193.

Nothing better could have happened to the Legends than for Sam Snead to have won the inaugural. Perhaps more than any other, his name in the headlines will enhance the future of the event, and it deserves a giddy future. The two men most responsible for getting it started are Fred Raphael and Jimmy Demaret, old friends and co-workers from a TV series called *Shell's Wonderful World of Golf*. Raphael, a promoter, sold the idea to NBC, and Demaret sold it to such legends as Julius Boros, Bob Rosburg, Jay and Lionel Herbert, Chuck Harbert, Roberto de Vincenzo, Jack Burke Jr., Ralph Guldahl, Paul Runyan and Lewis Worsham.

In the rest of the field, in addition to the legends present, there were also a few friends of Demaret. A few self-proclaimed legends, uninvited, were missing, such as Charlie Sifford, the legendary black golfer, and Art Wall, who perhaps had more impressive credentials than, let's say, the lone amateur team of Dale Morey and Ed Tutwiller, or Bob Toski, Pete Nakamura and even Mike Souchoik, who never won a major tournament, while Wall took a Masters.

But the idea was to keep it small and



Gene Sarazen, 76, was the oldest golfer in the tournament.

exclusive in the beginning. The future calls for expanding the field and perhaps moving the tournament to other courses. Fred Raphael even dreams of taking it overseas one day to so romantic a venue as St. Andrews. No wonder he said the chances were less than 50-50 that it would return to Onion Creek in 1979, although the city of Austin warmed to the festival as it would have to a touchdown drive by the Texas Longhorns, and the club provided an overdose of hospitality to every visitor.

Demaret tried desperately to get Hogan to team up with him again, as they had so often in the old Inverness Four-Ball. No doubt Hogan would have doubled the gate and upped NBC's Nielsen. But Ben probably knew old Sam would birdie those last three holes, and he had seen enough of that in the past.

But, all in all, thanks to Sam, it was a legendary finish to the first Legends tournament. Golfers everywhere should be rooting for it to prosper as long as the cashmere and the alpaca.

END

IT'S THE ROSIEST DERBY IN YEARS

With favored Alydar and Affirmed resuming their redoubtable rivalry and unbeaten Sensitive Prince a figurative if not literal dark horse, the 104th running of the Kentucky Derby could blossom into a beauty **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The last time they met was six months ago in the Laurel Futurity in Maryland. The purse was big (\$144,650) and the crowd fairly small (15,361). Somewhere, sometime, there might have been a better 2-year-old race, but no one has come up with it. Alydar was on the inside, Affirmed on the outside, and they fought the length of the stretch side by side, nostril to nostril, in a remarkable demonstration of speed and ability. At the finish, Affirmed won by a neck to prove he was the best of the

nearly 29,000 horses foaled in 1975.

This Saturday afternoon at Churchill Downs, Affirmed and Alydar will meet again in the 104th Kentucky Derby. Since they last raced, Alydar has grown and matured and this winter swept through the South without a defeat in four races. Affirmed spent his winter in California, and he, too, has grown and matured and gone undefeated, also in four races. In 13 lifetime starts, Affirmed has had only two losses, both to Alydar, while Alydar has lost five of 14 races,

four of them to Affirmed. Affirmed and Alydar; Alydar and Affirmed. Mirror, mirror on the wall.

Last Thursday afternoon at Keeneland, Alydar ran a very confusing race in the Blue Grass Stakes, his last Derby prep, and he did a lot of things wrong. When the starting-gate doors flew open, Alydar stood flat-footed, and when he finally got under way, he immediately ducked inward. The Calumet colt then dawdled for most of the race. But when he finally made his one move he overtook his opponents as if they were painted on the inner rail. His time for 1½ miles was 1:49½ over a dull track. The stunning thing about the Blue Grass, however, was that Alydar won by 13 lengths.

The last time Affirmed ran was in the Hollywood Derby on April 16, and he won the 1½ miles by two lengths in 1:48½, also over a dull track. Make whatever you like of the times of the two

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM STRODE



Affirmed (left) and Alydar come into the Derby unbeaten in 1978. Alydar winning his final tune-up by 13 lengths in last week's Blue Grass Stakes.



races, then mix in these facts: in the Hollywood Derby, Steve Cauthen had to work hard, hitting Affirmed a dozen times with his whip in the stretch; in the Blue Grass, Jorge Velasquez tapped Alydar only four times.

On the morning of the Hollywood Derby, Affirmed's trainer, Laz Barrera, stood outside his stable office and said, "I hate the word great. Everything must be great these days. Great, great, great! If a man walks down the road with a pumpkin and you stop him and say, 'That's a good-looking pumpkin you have,' he'll get mad at you. But if you say, 'What a great pumpkin you have there,' he'll stop and talk."

"I don't think there are too many great pumpkins and there are damned few great racehorses. But let me say this. Alydar is a great racehorse. Affirmed? He is far and away the smartest horse I have ever trained. The first time I saw him, I didn't look to see how big he was or how good-looking he was. My eyes went to his eyes and I said, 'There is something about you that I do not understand. You're smart.' I won't be wrong, either."

On the eve of the Blue Grass, John Veitch, Alydar's trainer, was asked about Affirmed. "I know he's a great racehorse," Veitch said, "even though I haven't seen him since last fall. I've read about him and know what he's done. People in the horse business might say, 'What a shame it is that Affirmed and Alydar came along in the same year because one must win and the other lose.' I won't say that because it's silly. The two are a marvelous thing for racing."

This is a bewildering Derby to figure. It's a bit like those wooden Russian dolls; you keep taking one doll away only to find another inside. Affirmed seems to like to run in front, while Alydar tends to come from behind. But Alydar does not have to come from far off the pace, as he demonstrated while winning the Florida Derby by running close to the lead. Affirmed, on the other hand, won last summer's Sanford Stakes at Saratoga by hanging back and coming on in the stretch. Cauthen will be in his first Derby, but he has ridden at Churchill Downs often. Cauthen is brilliant at putting a horse in front of the field and then nursing it home. Velasquez is a master of distance, having won more than 30 major stakes at 1½ miles and up.

But is this Derby only a match be-

tween Alydar and Affirmed? Probably. Still, there are three other legitimate contenders. Sensitive Prince is undefeated in six starts and is trained by Allen Jerkens, who sent out horses that upset Koko three times and twice defeated Secretariat. The Prince is a front-runner, or has been to date, and when a horse is undefeated he merits consideration.

Believe It has been a puzzle for most of the winter and spring, but the only time Alydar lost to anybody except Affirmed last year it was to Believe It. This winter, Believe It ran a temperature in Florida and his poor performance in the Flamingo probably can be attributed to that. In the Florida Derby, Believe It ran an excellent race, put on a burst of speed nearing the head of the stretch but was overtaken by Alydar. Subsequently, Be-

have been too short for him. The Derby's 1½ miles may be more to his liking.

The history of the Kentucky Derby is replete with references to trainer Ben A. Jones and Calumet Farm, particularly in years ending with the numeral 8. Jones won his first Derby in 1938 with Lawrin. In 1948 Calumet won with Citation, then won again in 1958 with Tim Tam and in 1968 with Forward Pass. This is 1978. Alydar is owned by Calumet. Hmmm.

Two years ago Laz Barrera started his first horse in a Derby. Beld Forbes. That week, Barrera sat in his Louisville hotel room and examined the charts of the 101 Derbies and concluded that 60% of them were won by horses that were in the lead at the head of the stretch, including Bold Forbes. Will Barrera advise Cauthen to get to the lead at the head of the stretch



Sensitive Prince has the speed, the record and Allen Jerkens, one of the most respected trainers

lieve It won the Wood at Aqueduct by utilizing the same tactics, and this time there was no Alydar to catch him.

The best of the long shots is Esops Foibles, the winner of the Louisiana and Arkansas Derbies, but a surprising six-length loser to Baton Rouge in last Saturday's one-mile Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs, a race in which jockey Chris McCarron lost his whip at the eighth pole. In his previous races, however, Esops Foibles showed strength in the stretch and the Stepping Stone may

this time and try to withstand Alydar's late drive? Probably.

Velasquez has never won a Derby in four attempts, but this time he feels certain he will. After the Blue Grass he was asked if Alydar was the best 3-year-old he had ever ridden. "What?" Velasquez said.

"Is he the best one?"

"One, two and three," Velasquez answered. "But he's not the champion yet. He's got to beat Affirmed. And that's not easy."

END

ROSES, JULEPS AND EQUINE HEAVENS



Although the Kentucky Derby is as encrusted with ancient clichés and traditions as any future in the sporting world, every visitor sees the roses and tastes the juleps in his own personal, singular way. These pages reflect the disarmingly "primitive" style and unlettered vision of the Italian-born American artist Oscar de Mejo, who, when he imagines horses in the sky, goes ahead and paints them there. De Mejo made his first visit to Churchill Downs last year and was struck by "the great nearness, a spiritual intimacy, I

should say, between the horses and their trainers and grooms. Visiting the stables in the misty dawn of the racing day, I saw this fellow in blue denim taking his horse for a walk. They stopped nearby, and it looked as if they were whispering to each other. Mysterious words. What were they doing? I figured the groom was telling his horse all about the glory that comes with victory in the Kentucky Derby, because he was pointing at the sky, and in the sky wearing the roses, the symbol of victory, were the winners of the recent races."





Finally, the preliminaries are over, the horses are off and thundering down the backstretch, the famous old spires in the background. To de Mejo, "The horses seemed giants at whose necks hung little men tense to the point of bursting in the effort of winning and yet holding their mounts with an almost tender affection"





The crowd walks to, the crowd walks to, but the crowning scene is in the winner's circle, the most hallowed real estate in American racing, where the roses are draped around the winner, evoking for de Mejo "the ghosts of many nobles of past eras. But few people saw them, absorbed as they were in watching the ceremony."





Once they were so full of life. Now these children of Berkeley, their faces sallow, memories of the '60s dimming, huddle like barnacles on the jumbled sidewalks of Telegraph Avenue, close to the university. Spread out before them in this eroding oasis are displays of Indian jewelry, scrawled paintings and remnant clothing. They are trapped in the Age of Aquarius, stunted flower children. They seem oddly old-fashioned but still they wait for the revolution, for the Messiah, for something to happen.

As Ron Laird walks down this street, an almost prim figure, he appears to be misplaced. But he belongs. He belongs. He cadges sleep on an exercise mat spread on the floor of a friend's apartment half a block away, borrows vitamin pills, eats cheaply, trades frayed training shoes for his worn advice.

Ron Laird is a sports hippie, living only to compete, to move into the final straightaway, muscles numbed and heart exploding. Those last few desperate steps and then the finish line: relief and jubilation. His moment comes every four years in the Olympics. In the meantime he also waits. Ron Laird is 39 years old. Like Peter Pan, he will not grow up.

To others his vigil seems tedious, unwarranted. Although he is one of the most successful athletes in U.S. history, Ron Laird is virtually unknown. He is a race walker, a member of that curious band of athletes whose gait calls to mind an old car with broken pistons. Heel-toe, heel-toe, heel-toe. Most people have never seen a race walker in the flesh and do not feel they have missed anything because of it.

Thus Ron Laird is the curator of a museum without visitors. He has cardboard boxes of newspaper clippings and photographs, medals and ribbons; souvenirs that document his 69 national championships, his 81 records, his participation in four Olympics. In the boxes is proof that he traveled with 24 international teams, won a gold medal in the 1967 Pan-American Games and two bronze medals in world championships. These scraps of paper and bits of metal and ribbon certify that there is a Ron Laird, and he

hoards them the way some people save their paycheck stubs. They show that he has been a top race walker for 23 years. Laird walks on, but does anyone care? People laugh at him when he trains, meet organizers refuse him expenses and a few fellow walkers label him an eccentric, an aberration, a kook. His is a cold street, and on it he has no address.

To locate America's most durable track athlete you send letters to various addresses, wait several weeks, then pick up the ringing phone and hear, "This is Ron Laird. Did you want to talk to me?"

GOING THROUGH LIFE AT A WALK

"He's sort of a vagabond," says Ray Lump, sports director of the New York Athletic Club. For most of Laird's career, the NYAC has served as his East Coast refuge. It has given him traveling expenses. When he is on the premises he can go into the bar during the cocktail hour, surreptitiously load a tray with peanuts, cheese dip and crackers and consume this poverty-level buffet dinner in front of the television set in a nearby lounge. Ron Laird has not worked since 1971, except occasionally as a handyman. He can make it on \$3,000 a year—bunking in donated locations up and down the West Coast and in Mexico, working out twice a day, smearing petroleum jelly on sore feet and cushioning them with pads, nursing tight hamstrings, aging knees and a toe that needs surgery. All to get ready for the next Olympics. Every time Ron Laird is scraped off the underside of the sport, he grows right back.

For most of his adult life Laird has believed, like the English dramatist Thom-

Race walker Ron Laird has no regular job and no address—only plans to be a U.S. Olympian for the fifth time

by BARRY McDERMOTT

continued

as Dekker, that "Money is trash." Not surprisingly, Dekker lived a life of poverty and spent several years in debtor's prison. Laird does not pay his bills either, because he does not have any. He survives on a form of athletic social security. Last winter, for example, he lived in a cluttered house with Dennis Reilly, an enthusiastic walker and graduate student in architecture at Berkeley. Also in the house were two other students and Glenn Sweazy, a young race walker who was fourth in Canada's 1976 Olympic Trials. Laird earned his keep by giving advice, mapping out training routines, pacing his roommates through workouts and always bringing home a doggie bag of scraps from handout meals.

One day, as Laird fumbled about in his cardboard boxes, Sweazy, perhaps foreseeing his own future, said, "That's all you have, isn't it, Ron—just mementos?"

Ron Laird does not own a credit card, but he is in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for most national championships won by a race walker. Henry Laskaa, who raced in the 1950s, is in second place with 43, and Laird hopes someday to double that total. If he does there will be no shortage of documentation, because Laird is a compulsive recordkeeper and letter writer. He has diaries of his daily workouts over the last 15 years. When a journalist sought him out recently, he dashed off a seven-page handwritten letter highlighting his career, then apologized for not being thorough enough. He writes notes to companies (General Motors) and personalities (Muhammad Ali, Jack LaLanne) outlining his accomplishments and asking for the financial assistance he needs for high-altitude training in Mexico. He writes much but receives little.

Laird shows the journalist a letter. It suggests that Laird is not "normal," that he ought to reassess his values and reset his goals, join the community, so to speak. Has he ever considered therapy? The writer is a businessman and he concludes by saying he never supports projects that are not tax deductible. Ron Laird needs to become a tax shelter. "They all want to help a 14-year-old," he says. "If you're 39, they don't want to talk to you. It's not like I'm asking for \$50,000, just a few thou' to keep the ol' legend going."

A legend in his own mind, Laird does not think he is too good for work, he thinks he is too good to quit. This per-

sistent quality has cost him a wife, and perhaps his family. "My dad wants me to go back to school and get a job," says Laird. "I told him that I was too young for school, and I already have a job—15 miles a day." His mother and father, retired and living in Ashabula, Ohio, refuse to watch him perform in the Olympics. They have not seen him in years and do not know where he lives. Told recently that Ron was in San Francisco, the elder Laird neglected to inquire how his son was faring. "It's hard to tell you anything about Ronnie," says Arthur Laird. "I guess he told you he was in the Guinness book. I checked it out and saw it there. But at 40, what is the future for walking? All that effort has gone into it, and I don't know what it has amounted to."

"Quitting and getting a job? It would be the easiest way out," says Ron, "but I don't want to melt into the crowd and become the average guy. A lot of people think walking is some sort of big playing thing for me. It might be that way in some Olympic sports, but not in race walking. Basically it's very boring, just a hell of a lot of hard work. There are times when I'm out training when I say to myself, 'I just can't do it anymore. Give it up. Get a job.' I look at my life, and it all seems so unreal, like a dream, something that never existed. Training, racing, the traveling around the world. The fear, the anxieties before a race. It never existed. It wasn't me. It's as if I look at it through somebody else's eyes. I was never a gifted athlete. It was all just hard work."

Hard work. But what has it amounted to? Over the years the race walker becomes injured to the question. Resentment is his crown of thorns. Once, while competing, walker Jim Hanley was attacked by a Los Angeles policeman who thought he had burglarized a nearby church. Laird has been hit in the chest by a thrown beer can and bitten by a German shepherd. In Eastern Europe the sport has an enthusiastic following and, as a group, the Mexicans have recently become the best in the world, but by and large race walkers are an endangered species. The world loves a runner, but even in airports a fast walker seems out of place, a bit too purposeful, aggressive and rude. Walking too quickly is one of the faults visitors pin on New Yorkers.

Race walking would appear to be eas-

ier than running, but in certain ways it is much more difficult. A runner can soar, but a walker is chained by regulations that say he must be in constant contact with the ground, and that he must straighten his supporting leg during each stride, which results in that familiar Mae West movement of the hips. While moving faster than joggers, walkers, like harness horses, are always fighting the inclination to break into a run—which confounds long-distance runners. It is far easier to run an eight-minute mile than it is to walk one. Laird's personal best for the mile is a 6:14.4, and at the last Olympics the quickest race walkers finished their 20-kilometer race in under 1½ hours, a 7:15-per-mile pace.

Certain institutions—the armed services, the church, even prisons—provide protection and solace for some, and, after much time spent in them, the rest of the world becomes alien. Ron Laird puts on his uniform and perseveres, sometimes training 110 miles a week, doing 300 sit-ups daily, lifting weights, stretching tight muscles, agonizing through 21-day fasts, driving a car that needs to be pushed to make it run, being laughed at by women and children. But he is in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. And unlike the people who litter Telegraph Avenue, Laird can see his future. It is Moscow, 1980.

Recently Laird was taken to dinner in a dark, well-appointed restaurant, the type that shuts out the world. In restaurants families enjoy a night off from PTA meetings, Little League games and Three's Company. Businessmen cajole clients. Young lovers linger over wine. Laird has no time for any of this. He was married briefly in 1963, but his wife left when she realized that he could never love her as he loved race walking, probably arriving at this conclusion when he had her ride on his shoulders while he trained. To Laird the restaurant is only a place to refuel, to replenish what two arduous workouts earlier in the day have depleted. There is a salad bar, which is good, and a benefactor has offered to pay the tab, which is better. In anticipation, Laird has not eaten all day. None of the other patrons recognizes that there is a four-time Olympian sitting among them.

Once upon a time Laird was middle-class and average, as befits the son of a government civil engineer. As a youngster he was sickly, too weak to do a chin-up and no athlete. Baseball befuddled

continued

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Members of the original Bonnie and Clyde posse



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him. In track he could manage only a desultory 5:12 mile, so he dabbled in throwing the discus. He earned only one sports letter in high school. But he stumbled upon race walking at a Madison Square Garden meet in 1955, and that fit. Within five months he had defeated Henry Laskau in a handicap race. He was good, though in the currencies in which most athletes deal—money, clout, fame, a groupie at the dressing-room door—he was desolate. But he was rid of that awful appellation: average. And now those handsome, glib stars of his youth, those fair-skinned cheerleaders and prom queens, are adrift in the land of Liquid Plumber and lawn mowers, their own glory days long ago buried.

At dinner Laird visits the salad bar and patiently constructs a volcanic sculpture of vegetables and Roquefort dressing. If he does not leave room for dessert, he can take that home in a doggie bag. Laird's life-style dictates that he take what comes his way. He has lived in garages, in a house with a 92-year-old woman whose

grass he cut in exchange for lodging, and in a basement apartment where, after workouts, he bathed in a sink. He has hitchhiked coast-to-coast to track meets. Once he created a résumé that landed him a job as a draftsman in Hamburg, Germany for a year. He has trained in a sweat suit during the hot, humid summer months on the grounds of a mental hospital in Norristown, Pa. In the winter he trained through tunnels connecting the buildings. The doctors and nurses thought him a patient. During his stay in the area he had 14 different jobs in three years, often being fired for skipping work to compete in races. During coffee breaks he did isometrics. Throughout his career he has denied himself the simplest pleasures. He shuns liquor and cigarettes and, with women, talks a better game than he plays. Recently, he drove 20 miles to a San Francisco park where 1,000 women were competing in a road race. Laird coyly acted as if he had stumbled upon the meet by accident while race walking. He asked for names and phone numbers as

the competitors jogged by. "You should have smelled the perfume in the air," he says dreamily.

Such reflections keep Laird late at the restaurant. It turns out that his waiter is a former quarter-miler from Minnesota. When he learns that Laird is a four-time Olympian, the waiter first looks skeptical, then impressed. "I always wanted to be in the Olympics," he says, "but after school I gave it up. Where else could I run?"

"You should have been picked up by some national team and sent for high-altitude training in Mexico," Laird tells him. "In two years you would be Tarzan on the track. The Russians would never let you quit like you did."

"Yeah," the waiter replies, "but for me it was time to quit." The boy is saying that he wants to lead a "normal" life. There it is. Normal.

The waiter walks away. "The most important thing to me is health," says Laird. "People have the choice, health or wealth, and most take wealth. I've had

continued

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RACE WALKER continued

friends drop dead on me. That's scary. Friends from high school. Most people are into making money and accumulating things. I go out for a super workout and I knock out those hostile, poisonous emotions. When my wife left, I doubled my workouts. I don't know how people get through life without it. No wonder there are suicides."

Laird has been nominated several times for the Sullivan Award, amateur athletics' version of the Oscar, and a race-walking magazine once named him Athlete of the Decade, but a few of his fellow competitors are embarrassed by his zeal. There is also a possibility that Laird survives because race walking is not that sophisticated in this country. Nationally there are probably only 300 hard-core walkers. Todd Seully, who has set U.S. records at several distances, competes in street shoes. Age is not an affinity because the sport is less demanding on the cardiovascular system than many others. In 1967 60-year-old Larry O'Neil won a 100-mile race with a record time of 19:24.34, nabbing off all his toenails in the process, and the best race walker in the world over the past two decades is Vladimir Golubnichy of Russia, who has been on five Olympic teams and is 41 years old. This takes diligence. Laird is able to go out on those stifling summer days, when even the birds sit motionless in the trees, and walk for more than four hours. He envisions himself competing and improving for another decade.

"Nothing has mattered in the man's life other than race walking," says Eliott Denman, who gave Laird much of his initial guidance on technique in 1955. Denman is now 44 years old, still a recreational race walker, and a sports columnist for the *Asbury Park Press* in New Jersey. He sees Laird as an enigma. "He has given up a normal life in the sense of working and raising a family," Denman says. "I can't think of any other athlete who has devoted himself the way he has. I guess he's reached maturity, but I don't think he really grew up. Someday it might strike him that he's moved out on other things in life."

In the restaurant Laird is finishing his meal. His companion had finished 40 minutes earlier, about the time Laird dispatched his acre of salad and started on soup. "I forgot something," says Laird, faking his doggie bag. "I once got something from race walking. A judge let me out of a parking ticket because of a. I

didn't have money to pay the fine, so instead of sending me to jail he let me give a speech at a high school. I gave a speech and got paid a parking ticket."

Next day Laird is on the track in Berkeley. He has already done 10 miles during a morning workout, and now, in dwindling afternoon light, a chill temperature and a fine mist, he is going to do some speed work. On the track a nationally ranked sprinter is working on his start. Parked nearby is the sprinter's Mercedes, bought, Laird grumbles, with illegal payoffs from meet organizers. Off to the side several young sprinters loiter about, chatting. "See how hard speed guys work?" says Laird derisively.

It is here on the track that Laird is most comfortable. People recognize him and ask for his autograph, and he signs it patiently, laboriously adding the figure of a small walker to the signature. Make no mistake, he is extremely likable. The worst that people can say is that he has moved out on some things in life. And despite his perpetually nature, he is always able to find a home with friends.

Of course, those friends are race walkers, too, immersed in a sport that draws the eccentric and iconoclastic. Apparently it also fosters an almost compulsive urge for wandering. In 1937, a Venezuelan named Julio Berrisbertia went on a four-year walk over 20,000 miles. Dave Romansky trudged door to door to raise money to make the Olympics in 1968.

Laird finishes his workout in darkness, and a curious girl, interested in learning the race-walking style, approaches him. The athlete is delighted, in both her gender and attention. He begins a dissertation on the benefits of walking, theorizing that its twisting motion is good for the body's "vital organs." It is one of the recurring subjects of Laird's frequent exhortations. Others are: the need for subsidization of athletes and Laird's superlative qualifications for being named a national race-walking coach. He fattens about meeting and marrying a rich girl who will not mind holding his stopwatch. "I'm looking for a wealthy, well, not really wealthy, just well to do, girl who would like to get into race walking and travel the world," he says. "You've heard of a ski bum? Well, she would be a race-walk bum."

Just now Laird is not in superior competitive condition. He is 15 pounds overweight because he treated 1977 as if it were a throwaway year, letting his train-

continued

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ing deteriorate. This has been his style after failing to make the 1972 Olympic team because of an injury, he won 3½ years without winning a championship, then won the three-mile walk in record time at Seattle in 1975. At the AAU championships in 1976 he set a record of 21:09.4 for 5,000 meters and subsequently made the Olympic squad that year. It is easy to tell he is not in top condition now because his eyes do not have that glitter of emeralds set in deep, hollowed-out sockets. This ethereal appearance comes from pushing one's body several levels beyond what it was built for. Walker Todd Scully's eyes shine like that, and in this year's indoor season he walked in record-breaking time.

To the 29-year-old Scully, Laird is a radical, to be sure, but in a way a freedom fighter. Scully works. He once raised hogs on his farm in Big Island, Va. but now has a sporting-goods store, teaches and coaches. "It's hard for Ron," he says. "It really is. Because you have to train up to 130 miles a week and just in time

alone it takes almost twice as long as running. None of the Mexicans have jobs; they just train eight hours a day, every day. Once in the morning, then some weight work, then again in the afternoon. The thing that makes Laird different is that he lets himself go, then comes back. Go, back, go, back. He gets too far out of shape. That's why he's had so many injuries lately."

For Laird to make the 1980 Olympic team he will have to contend with Scully as well as a formidable group of young and developing race walkers, most notably former distance runner Neal Pyke. But Laird has faced challenges before. "Nobody in this country would beat me if I put my mind into it and got back into it hard," he says after his workout, pulling on a jacket and heading to the campus gym for some weight work and sit-ups. "I have the ability to train hard and not break down and to get into shape when I need to." Thoreau once said that almost no one understood the art of walking. Thoreau never encountered Ron

Laird, the guardian of a treasure that few value. Why does he do it? Because he does not like the sound of the phrase, Ron Laird, former race walker.

A few days later Laird is standing in line at the checkout counter in a supermarket. His meager finances dwindling, he made the decision to enter the food-stamp program for the first time in his life earlier this year. His letters are crumpled in office wastebaskets, no rich girls are in sight and his body is telling him it is getting old. Laird indifferently pulls his groceries from his shopping cart and lines them up on the conveyor belt. One package is a box of Wheaties, on the front is a picture of Bruce Jenner, the Olympic decathlon champion, his former teammate at Montreal. Jenner is a celebrity who can make \$3,000 just for showing up with a pen at a shopping center.

"I know him," says Laird to no one in particular.

The checkout girl looks up suspiciously. Ron Laird stares at Bruce Jenner's picture and sighs.

END

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Out there in the back country of America, in the land of chicken-fried steak, 18-wheelers and white vinyl belts, there is a game unknown to the cities and suburbs—rural tennis. Rural tennis is a rustic half sister to the game most of us know, but few of us are privileged to play it, strong enough to endure it or mad enough to pursue it. While not exactly a blood sport, rural tennis calls on one's reserve of courage in ways that transcend the more civilized game, and provides a dramatic setting for discovering the true nature of the self in ways that tennis psychologists can only hint at. Rural tennis is war.

How do I know? Well, I once played two weeks of it in the otherwise lovely Leelanau Peninsula in Michigan, the so-called "little finger" of the state, which

runs north-northwest of Traverse City out into Lake Michigan like a demented exclamation point. The peninsula is a mélange of decaying farms, prosperous cherry orchards, humid motels and agreeable taverns. In the late spring and throughout the summer, the population ranges from the affluent hip of Chicago, playing house in their Design Research "cottages," to platoons of uncivilized and generally uncivil artists, who shout insults at tourists, to the locals, who resemble a casting call for *Deliverance*.

And out there, dotting the puckerbrush and the Christmas tree farms, are tennis courts. Why, no one is sure. Like Roman ruins in Wales, these courts are the rubble of a previous civilization. Now the prime summer sport is hauling Coho salmon out of Lake Michigan with Bun-

yanesque tackle, but somewhere in the glorious past tennis was played here, the courts tell us. And once again the hearty "pock" of the ball is beginning to be heard across the stretches of scrub pine and hardwood. The cry of "let!" echoes through gun shops and boat yards, and men stand in table-stakes taverns, quaffing Stroh's fire-brewed beer and wearing tennis shorts, elbow-to-elbow with farmers in Sweet-Orr bib overalls without getting belted just for appearing in such outlandish, vixified outfits.

In fact, it is in taverns that one begins to be a rural tennis player. It was to Dick's Pour House, the local pub, that on a lovely afternoon I accompanied my friend Jim Harnson, a Lake Leelanau resident, novelist, poet and diesel authority, to "sign up" for rural tennis. Over several

COURTING DISASTER

The perils of rural tennis include bulls that horn in on your matches and snakes that steal tennis balls

by J. D. REED





Stroh's fire-breweds we awaited the appearance of Boobs Bovian, a dairy farmer who owns a tennis court. Dick's Pour House is a fine example of Northern Michigan tavern life. The back bar is covered with Hav-a-Hank cards, pickled eggs in jars (with and without beet juice), Slim Jims, small out-of-focus snapshots of the owner standing with a string of lake trout near an ice-fishing shack, a machine that irradiates frozen sandwiches, a Jiggle-Corn machine, Rolands, Certs, peanuts, a stack of unopened bills and a late-model cash register with digital printout readings—stock control and tax done automatically—one of those registers that click like a binary computer when the barkeep enters your 35¢ draft beer.

We had to wait quite a while because Boobs Bovian was over in Cedar buying Polish sausage. My friend Harrison, a fortyish, dark-skinned Swede who has only one eye and is therefore known in the peculiar humor of the place as "the one-eyed Jap," gave me my first lesson in rural tennis over our seventh draft and a plastic sack of Blind Robins. "You have to pace yourself," he warned thickly. "Waiting for Boobs is part of the game, as important as warming up. It won't do to get drunk before he gets here." I paced myself.

Before Boobs arrived, I had my second lesson. Harrison weaved purposefully out to his pickup truck and returned with a can of tennis balls. He set it on the bar. "We open the ball can here," he said. "There are tennis bums around here who can actually hear a new can of balls opening. They can detect that little hiss for miles, and since they're too poor to buy new balls, they come out of the woods demanding to play some doubles. In rural tennis you never admit that you've got new balls. We'll dirty these up in the parking lot before we go to the court."

Harrison pulled the tab and the can hissed open. A group of men working on a snowmobile engine in the corner of the tavern gave a cheer at the sound and bought us another round of Stroh's.

Bovian arrived just as Harrison and I had almost decided to give up and go after bass with handguns, one of Lee-lanzu's more exacting sports. Boobs was a very fat man in bib overalls and a billed cap that said "Wayne Feeds" on it. The veins on his nose looked like a road map of Rhode Island, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he produced a worn copy

continued



of the Farmer's Almanac from his pocket and thumbed through to the date. "Let's see here," croaked Boobs, "you can have the court from 2 till 2:15, and then again from 2:30 till dark." That seemed confusing to me until Harrison explained that Boobs usually drove his herd of dairy cattle to another pasture in the middle of the afternoon, and they crossed the court, necessitating not only a brief delay for the passage but also a slightly longer one for the cleanup. We decided to take the court from 2:30 to 4 and paid 75¢ in advance. The going rate in Leelanau County is 50¢ an hour, but before you go crazy and move there, remember that although one can buy a round in Dick's Pour House—buy the entire town a round—for about \$2.65 plus tax, there is no practical way to make a living in the North Country.

After dirtying our new tennis balls in the dusty parking lot, we rattled off in Harrison's geriatric pickup with a dozen cans of Stroh's, a few packs of Slim Jims and an old Holiday Inn towel. Waylon Jennings was singing "Luckenbach, Texas" on the radio. As we backed down the county road through stands of scrub pine and farms where the fences were made of pine stumps, I began to long for my own tennis club in the sophisticated enclave of Brooklyn Heights, with its changing rooms, saunas, restaurant and bar. In the bar I could stand at the plate

glass window, iced Gatorade in hand, and watch crisp ground shots traveling low over the net, hear the comforting squeak of new Stan Smiths, listen to the Haavard accents of the squash players, and shout, politely, "Oh, well-placed, that!" to a good passing shot. I wanted freshly laundered whites, the poached trout for dinner and a club appointment director who called me "sir" and was not named Boobs Bovian. Perhaps it was merely the effects of eight Stroh's that produced such feverish longing. However, the reality was Leelanau County and the game of rural tennis.

Harrison made a sharp turn off the county road onto a sandy double-track out through a stand of small Christmas trees and finally jerked to a halt, barely out of sight of the road. In fact, I thought we'd merely taken a shortcut to another road, for ahead of us lay a stretch of turtle-backed macadam exactly like the one we'd just left. "What's that road up ahead?" I inquired. Harrison snapped open a Stroh's, handed it to me and, staring through the windshield, replied, "That's the court."

"But it looks like macadam."

"It is. So?" He was getting irritated at my snobbishness.

"So nothing." I pulled at the beer, beginning to regret the whole venture.

The court was indeed made of the stuff of most county roads, but the lines

seemed accurate enough, although there were only four feet of clearance between baseline and fence. This would hardly be acceptable even on clay or Har-Tru; on macadam one was in constant contact with the fence. Go bounce a tennis ball on a Michigan county road sometime. It lifts an amazing distance off the surface, and this is true for flat serves and ground strokes of the most ordinary kind, to say nothing of lobs and smashes.

The fence itself was another wondrous work to behold. I examined it while Harrison lit a cigarette, found a shady spot for the beer and settled into his meditation exercise, "B.P." (before playing). The fence was Red Rooster Brand chicken wire stapled to crosstied two-by-fours. The chicken wire had come in a three-foot width, and it had been overlapped half way up. This, I was to find out, presented a problem. When a bouncing ball hit the fence behind the baseline, it invariably found the overlap and squirted outside the fence, trickling off into the puckerbrush and Christmas trees. Christmas tree ranches are big business in Leelanau country; one doesn't say "Christmas tree" merely because he doesn't know the right name of the tree. I found the fence weird, to say the least. Almost as weird as Harrison's meditation, which was done in a half-lotus that resembled a self-administered half nelson, while smoking a cigarette and pausing for pulls at the Stroh's.

Finally ready, we began warming up.

Harrison's outfit that day is *de rigueur* for the game: a padded snowmobile outfit as a warmup suit, which when removed reveals backpackers' shorts, with those extra pockets on the front that can hold nothing but your Sierra Club card, and a Norwegian fishnet undershirt—the kind you can see through but don't want to. At various times during play, Harrison also showed a flair for originality by soaking the Holiday Inn towel in a nearby creek and wearing the thing over his head, yelling, "Lawrence of Poland—add in!" As Harrison did that day, many men in rural tennis wear Peds, those half-socks for women with the fuzzy ball on the heel to keep the sock from slipping into the shoe. This is not some odd, transsexual dress code of the North Woods, but comes from the fact that, for some years, rural tennis was considered less than manly; hence girl friends and wives have the best equipment and more of it.

continued



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with the result that their clothing and equipment are often borrowed by the men. But it's not wise to snicker at a 200-pound ex-farmer in Peds.

As for the game itself, I discovered that nine beers prevent certain nerve synapses, like the ones for judging distances, from operating properly. Within minutes all our balls were somewhere outside the chicken wire, lost to the incredibly high bounce. Then began the big bull hunt.

In rural tennis the big bull hunt is at once one of the most terrifying and rewarding aspects of the game. It is terrifying because nameless things await one out there in the puckerbrush, rewarding because living through it will make you a better man, or at least a wiser one.

Harrison stood with his fingers clawed into his fishnet undershirt.

"Take your racket," he said.

deep in the Christmas trees where Harrison, yelling "Fenway Park," had slugged it in practice, I met my first and last blue racer. It was headed lazily toward my ball. I know I'm not supposed to be afraid. After all, I've read *National Geographic* for years, and I've seen those pictures of gentle-looking biologists with wispy beards and pockets full of felt-tipped pens handling cobras and fer-de-lances and such. But reason stands no chance against plain, old-fashioned hysteria. I screamed and whacked out with a shoelace-level half volley at the snake. It didn't even look back. I retreated, backing up over the small trees, keeping up a high-pitched keening noise, like a puppy overpowered by a berserk dowager.

After I regained the safety of the court, I began to think of Ernest Hemingway. It was not far from where we played that Hemingway had come as a boy to fish

explained, grinding out his cigarette on the baseline. "It just makes it too complicated when you have to make the ball go in the right service court and it takes too much energy, which we like to save in case something unexpected happens. You might need every ounce of strength you can get."

I was struck by an assault wave of terror. "What kinds of things?" I asked.

"Let's not go into it. Maybe nothing will happen..."

On that tremulous note the game of rural tennis began. In rural tennis, the player "serving" merely hits a forehand shot to his opponent, anything between the service line and the baseline being acceptable.

After a sustained rally with a decent pace, I sliced a backhand gently over the net, dropping it neatly, I thought. Harrison made no move from his statuesque pose at the baseline.

"Drop shoes aren't allowed. Or dinks, either," he said.

"To save energy?" I asked, beginning to catch on. "Might need the legs to run," he said. And as he did so, he looked over my shoulder. It's always a good trick to look over your opponent's shoulder occasionally in the game of rural tennis: makes him nervous. But Harrison has only one good eye and you can't be sure where he's looking when he attempts a passing shot.

"Like, I'm trying to decide whether we should run right now," he said, backing up slowly.

"Come on, Harrison," I scoffed, like a movie detective, "that's the oldest trick in the book." Then I heard the snuffling. It was that particular wet, hot breathing that means only one thing on a Michigan farm—a bull. My spine turned to pond water.

I wheeled and confronted the beast, raising my racket like a crucifix at a werewolf. He was one of those long, low-model Herefords. He rolled a curious eye along the fence, hooked a horn in the chicken wire and pulled a section away from the posts, the staples flying out like bird shot. He snorted, licked his drizzly nose, and headed slowly onto the court, dragging several feet of wire on his horn tip. His wide hooves made a frightening noise on the macadam. I backed toward the net, trying to decide if it would be better to wheel and run, or to stand my ground and be gored, brave and true.

continued



"What for, no one's going to steal it when I'm out hunting for bulls, are they? I don't think there's anyone for miles..."

"You'll need the racket," explained Harrison. "Blue racers."

As a Michigan lad, I knew about blue racers. Long, fat snakes as blue and quick as their name.

"And carry it in a serving grip," warned Harrison, opening a Stroh's for the big bull hunt. "There won't be time for any of that fancy Vic Braden stuff like changing grips. A quick slash is all there's time for with blue racers."

Two hundred yards from the court, after an elusive sighting of a yellow ball

and hunt with his father, and it was about this country that he wrote the Nick Adams stories, those precise tales of manhood, courage and responsibility. I tried to think of that as Harrison eyed me suspiciously. Then it occurred to me that Nick Adams had never faced a blue racer. Say what you want about World War I and bullfighting, I'll bet old Nick would have cheeped like a fledgling if he'd faced a five-foot blue racer. The thought gave me courage to begin the game.

I won the spin of the racket and prepared to serve.

"Don't serve," Harrison said calmly.

"Why not?"

"Because we don't serve up here," he

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while waving my tennis towel in a *Veronica* and yelling "Ho, Toro!" But Michigan bulls probably don't understand Spanish. I wondered if he'd go for something like "Please leave me alone." or "Pick on someone your own size."

Suddenly Boobs Bovian appeared through the brush carrying a pitchfork. He confronted the bull. "Damn it all, Junior, I've told you not to come over here when they're playing at the tennis games. Keep your fat butt over in the south pasture." Boobs gave Junior a hearty stab in the flank with the pitchfork, and Junior bellowed and lumbered away, flattening Christmas trees.

"Sorry about that, boys," said Boobs. "Fool creature is curious. I guess he can't figure out what you fellows are doing out here in short pants hitting a ball back and forth." He scratched his head. "Darned if I can, either." Boobs followed Junior over a hill and disappeared.

"Were we at love-40?" asked Harrison, used to these interruptions. I had no idea if we were even on earth.

We decided to try again the next day, and for a while everything was somewhat better. The game proceeded smoothly for a set and a half; the Stroh's were cool and the wind fresh and light. But once again there were surprises in store for the urban player.

As I rushed the net on a short return of Harrison's, a huge shadow passed over the court, soundless, black and threatening. I dropped my racket and covered my head. Harrison's forehead shot caught me painfully in the shoulder.

"Why did you stop?" he wondered.

"Was that a bird? A big one?"

"Red-tailed hawk," said bird-watcher Harrison. "The light plays funny tricks. The shadows look real big, don't they?" Harrison's point.

A few days later I felt ready for anything rural tennis could throw at me. It wasn't just that I'd been losing consistently, or that Boobs Bovian's German shepherd Revenge had snapped a ball out of midair near my racket and ripped it to shreds. It wasn't the thunderstorm with lightning that hit the net post, or the wolverine with rabies that died at the service line one day. No, it was the fact that I could now anticipate. As Chris Evert can move unerringly to the right place to return an overhead smash, now I could steel myself to deal with what rural tennis could throw up

at me. At least that's what I thought.

On my last afternoon in Northern Michigan, we had a farewell game. The distinctive Leelanau light played on the Christmas trees and made a nearby field of pigs stand out like a painting, so still and perfect and grandly swinish. The clouds were Johnson & Johnson cotton balls; the Polish sausage and Stroh's were a delight. Such simple pleasures to counterpoint the complex and demanding game of rural tennis.

In game six (I was up five), I was backpedaling furiously to get to a Harrison lob, and as I bent back to find it against the ultramarine of the sky, the ball simply disintegrated. The report of what could only be a 12-gauge shotgun closely followed the vaporization. Bats of yellow fluff floated down, as if a crate of chicks had been dispatched with a laser beam.

As the sound of the shot rolled away over the low hills, I realized I couldn't take it any longer.

"Goddam it, Harrison," I yelled, "that's the last straw. You get me out here to play tennis and it's anything but Bulls, dogs, a wolverine, Boobs Bovian, drinking at 10 a.m.—that's all right. That's maybe part of your game. But guns..."

My sympathies, which were never of the knee-jerk, Eastern liberal variety in the first place, running more to arming English professors with Magsmags and shopkeepers with grenades, were suddenly inflamed. It was simply too much to be shot at while playing tennis.

"New tennis balls," Harrison calmly explained.

"What?"

"New balls. That was Nick Reems, a big-time shotgun freak, and a rural tennis player. He must have heard that we were using new balls and we didn't invite him to play. That's just Nick's way of telling me that his feelings are hurt. Also, I suppose Nick feels that it saves money on clay pigeons, so it's a double treat to blow our ball out of the air. He's a hell of a wing shot."

Nick never appeared. I cringed on lobs the rest of the day, but there was no more gunfire.

Boarding my flight that evening in Traverse City, I was seated next to a young man who was impeccable in white tennis shorts and shirt. He noticed the racket handle sticking out of my flight bag.

"Been playing up here?" he asked.

"Yep, up in Lake Leelanau."

"Really? I didn't know there were courts up there. Any good games?"

"Oh, you might say so," I smugly replied. For it suddenly occurred to me that this guy, who was probably on the top rung of the "A" ladder at Chicago's North Side Racket Club, couldn't possibly understand what I'd been through. He would never appreciate the game of rural tennis until he, too, had played it. And I began to think what a marvelous experience it had been. At the Heights Casino in Brooklyn, I would never have to be wary of a rabid wolverine. I would never hear the snort of a bull behind me. Rural tennis had improved my concentration for the regular game immensely. You can lob and drop-shot me all day and I won't complain. Goin' pulls mean nothing to a man who's played tennis on Mars, and Stan Smith outfits hardly impress a fellow who's seen a Swede in Peds. Nothing will throw my game off—except maybe a shotgun; I still can't stand that port. But in Brooklyn the innocent bark of a Saturday Night Special won't ruffle my serve.

The athletic young man and I had nothing to discuss except graphite rackets, which we did until the plane landed in Chicago.



ABC HAS REACHED NEW HEIGHTS



TO SURT TV, WILLIG DID A THREE-DAY CLIMB IN TWO DAYS

Two weeks ago when ABC televised the final portion of George Willig's two-day climb of Angels Landing, a treacherous 1,500-foot Navajo sandstone wall in Utah's Zion National Park, the network extended its live coverage an hour past the allotted 1½ hours so viewers could see Willig and his partner, Steve Matous, reach the summit. Rarely does a network allow a sports show—particularly one of a non-spectator event—to run that much beyond schedule, because the extension disrupts affiliates' programming. The decision to broadcast the climb to its conclusion was not made lightly, and it demonstrated that ABC believed the show was generating intense interest, which means it is likely that there will be more climbs on TV.

But before other such shows go on the air, broadcasters must work to remedy some problems that arose during the original telecast. Primary among them is timing. From TV's point of view, a perfect ending would have the climbers reach the summit a few minutes before the scheduled end of the program. As Willig and Matous discovered, it is impossible to plan a long climb that precisely. This means that telecasters must be prepared to accept runovers as a matter of course when covering climbing. Compressing other sports to fit TV time slots may upset traditionalists, but in climbing there is much more at stake: men's lives.

To their credit, the ABC producer, Ned

Steckel, and the director, Larry Kamm, bent over backward to ensure that Willig would not feel obligated to reach the summit by the time the program was to end. But Willig, who became a celebrity when he scaled a 110-story tower of New York's World Trade Center last year, is fast learning the value of showmanship. He realizes that the closer the timing, the better the show, and thus the greater the likelihood of an encore. That sort of attitude could lead to climbers' taking potentially fatal shortcuts.

ABC cameraman Mike Hoover, an experienced climber who won an Academy Award nomination for the climbing short *Solo*, which inspired Willig to take up the sport, says, "We stayed an arm's length away from controlling the climb, but there is no doubt that it should have been a three-day effort and that George was hurrying to get to the top. TV was a big part of why he was rushing."

Willig and Matous, who were equipped with microphones, climbed five hours in darkness Saturday night, using a full moon and miners' helmets for illumination. They took the risk partly in hopes of being able to finish by 6 p.m. EST Sunday.

The pressure to hurry was tacit and perhaps unintended. At one point, after the program had already been extended about 20 minutes and Willig had reached a small plateau, a short scramble from the top, he said, "As far as I'm concerned, this is the end of the climb." But Willig sitting on a ledge was anticlimactic; ABC wanted the visual impact of the two men at the peak, silhouetted against the sky. "We really want to see you get to the summit," said announcer Bob Beattie to Willig. "You're going to have to wait a while," replied Willig. "How long do you think it's going to take?" asked Beattie.

Because the popularity of rock climbing on TV was questionable, the decision to cover the Angels Landing ascent indicated a

praiseworthy willingness by ABC to try something new. And the network did it even though the show involved a considerable logistical effort, including the use of pack mules to haul television equipment to the site and six microwave links to transmit the picture out of Zion Canyon. The show was a success because ABC gave it uncommonly progressive executive direction.

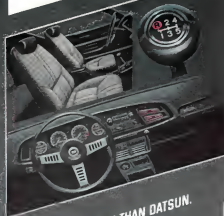
The announcers, Beattie and Bill Flemming, were breaking new ground as well. They were in the delicate position of trying to keep the audience informed and entertained, while disrupting the climbers as little as possible. Because the sport requires complete concentration, a rock climber has little time to conduct a running interview. Nonetheless, Willig and Matous more or less maintained a dialogue with Flemming and Beattie. The commentators were sensitive to the climbers' dilemma—"I don't want to distract you, if you can't talk, just say so," Flemming told Willig—but there were instances in which the climbers, who also used the mikes to discuss tactics with each other, were forced to communicate over Flemming's and Beattie's commenting. Occasionally Matous even had to interrupt Willig, who took to chatting about such things as the mice and scorpions he encountered along the way. The highlight of Willig's narration was his description of a 30-foot fall he had taken when a piece of rock broke away under his foot. Hoover took breathtaking pictures of the plunge, which were played in slow motion three times.

Because of the success of the Angels Landing show, there is already talk of other televised climbs. High on the list of possible locations is Wyoming's Devils Tower, the rock Richard Dreyfuss immortalized by building a mad replica of it on his living-room floor in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The movie has made Devils Tower a tourist attraction, a veritable cult cliff. This would be the primary reason for using Devils Tower for a TV climb, which snacks of show biz. Climbing is too dangerous an endeavor for commercial concerns to prevail over the realities of the sport. It must never be undertaken in an atmosphere in which an announcer might say to a climber, "You've got to hang by your fingertips on that ledge for 60 seconds while we go to a commercial." **END**



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The way one of Charles O. Finley's legion of former employees tells it, Charlie O. was sitting around thinking up trades in a Chicago bar one day this spring when he was approached by a sprightly little fellow wearing a red necktie. "Mr. Finley," the intruder began, "my name is Applegate, and I've got a deal for you."

"I'm always interested in deals, sir," Charlie supposedly replied. "Whom do you represent, the damn Yankees?"

"Never," snapped the little man.

"Well, then, state your business, because I'm expecting a call from Denver."

Applegate took a swallow of his Bloody Mary and fixed the A's owner with a malevolent eye. "Forget Denver," he said. "I have it on low authority that you're staying in Oakland. Now here's my proposition: if you agree to my terms, I will have that ragtag assortment you call a baseball team on top of the American League West by April 25."

"Terms? What terms? What do you want, the franchise?"

"Certainly not," said Applegate. "Charlie, I want your soul."

"Sounds reasonable. It's a deal."

They shook on it, and as the little man went downstairs, Finley turned to the bartender, chorling, "That's the best trade I've ever made," he said, smoothing the lapels of his green blazer. "I got a lot more out of it than he did."

That, asserts the old Finley hand, is why Oakland astonished everyone by taking the lead in its division last week. Could be, but there are those—Bowie Kuhn among them—who say that not even the Devil could do business with Finley. Others stoutly insist that from a motley assemblage of minor-leaguers and bench warmers winnowed from other organizations, Finley actually has assembled a hustling, exciting young team that may be a good deal better than anyone expected. Certainly the handful of fans who saw the A's win three straight from the Twins last week, including back-to-back extra-inning thrillers, would support this notion. And so would the players, most of whom were forgotten men or lost boys in more substantial franchises.

"A lot of us just weren't given a chance before," says Jim Essian, formerly of the White Sox, after his 12th-inning single helped beat the Twins and give the A's their eighth win in a row and their 13th in their last 14 games. At 14-3, they had the best record in the major leagues. And

even though Oakland's streak was broken in a 6-1 loss to the Twins Thursday, followed by a 6-2 defeat by the Indians Friday night, the A's remained in first place by finishing the week with a 5-1 victory over Cleveland.

The A's have a starting lineup that barely averages 25 years of age. Pete Broberg, who ran his record to 3-0 during that win over the Indians, is at 28 the eldest of the five starting pitchers. Only three members of the roster are more than 30. Seventeen Oakland players were not with the team a year ago, and most of these didn't come aboard until late in spring training, a period during which Finley bargained like a Cairo rug merchant. The best publicized of the myriad transactions sent Vida Blue to the Giants for seven players, most of whom were unheard of, six of whom are now regulars for the A's. At the end of last week, 21-year-old Pitchers John Johnson and Alan Wirth were 2-1 and 1-2 respectively, with earned run averages of 1.24 and 2.25. Both would have been in the minors this season had they remained with the pitcher-rich Giants. Gary Alexander, who had lost the San Francisco catching job to Marc Hill, wasn't behind the plate for the A's either, but he was being used regularly as a designated hitter and occasional outfielder, and he was leading the team in home runs (five). Mario Guerrero, a second-string shortstop

They're alone at the top

Rejected by other teams and their own fans, the young A's are surprise winners

with the Giants, was the A's leading batter (349) and RBI man (12). Relief Pitcher Dave Heaverlo, another ex-San Franciscan, had an ERA of 2.37. Gary Thomasson, the only regular involved in the populous trade, emerged from a slump to pump home runs in each game of a doubleheader with the Twins. He had not contributed earlier, he explained, because he felt burdened with the responsibility of his seniority.

Other organizations have not been as philanthropic as the Giants, but Mike Edwards, who would have been playing in the Pirates' minor league system had he not come to Oakland, was hitting better than .300 and playing second base as it had not been played in the East Bay since Dick Green hung up his glove in 1974. Essian, who arrived from the White Sox

continued



As a typical Oakland throng watched, ancient Pete Broberg, 28, started his team's sixth straight win

for Pitcher Pablo Torrealt, is the starting catcher and a valuable clutch hitter Miguel DiToro, also a former Pirate, is one of the swiftest of outfielders. The most famous newcomer is Dave Revering, whose celebrity was earned not on the playing field but as the "other player" in Finley's Kuhn-aborted trade of Blue to Cincinnati for \$1.75 million and a minor-leaguer, Revering, who is hitting .274, finally came to the A's in February along with a paltry \$300,000 in exchange for Pitcher Doug Bair.

Playing for Oakland and its obstreperous owner might seem more like a sentence than a break to some players, but the new A's share an intense desire to make the big leagues at any cost. "As long as I get to play," says Alexander, "I don't care if it's in Cucamonga. With the Giants, I thought I was the best-kept secret in baseball."

The only malcontent on the team is the player who has been with Finley the longest, Bill North, the lone high-paid survivor of the owner's purges of the 1972-73-74 world championship teams. North is in his option year, and despite his acknowledged skills as a base runner and leadoff man, Finley has refused to play him, preferring instead to use inexpensive youngsters who may be on the premises longer. Unlike his youthful comrades, North, nearing 30, has felt the sting of Finley's wrath, but he wishes the children well. "Right now," he says, "we are the best of the worst. We'll see what happens when we play the big boys." Except for the Angels, who have handed Oakland three of its losses, the A's will not confront a Western Division contender until May 17, when they play Texas for the first time.

Even if the A's move over when the competition gets tough, they will have been an especially bizarre year in Oakland, which is saying a lot, considering Finley's renowned penchant for the unorthodox. This season's team was not supposed to belong to Charlie O. and it was not supposed to be in Oakland. But the preposterously elongated and unconvincingly complex negotiations—involving Colorado owner Marvin Davis, who would have moved the A's to Denver, the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum Commission, which wanted its lease with Finley paid off, the city of San Francisco, which was reluctant to allow the Giants to play half their schedule in Oakland, the Giants, the baseball commis-

sioner's office, and both leagues—finally collapsed of their own weight.

The Denver negotiations left the A's with even fewer fans than they had in the unremunerative past. After 10 years of divided loyalties, Bay Area spectators have turned—at least in the early weeks of the season—to the only team that seems reasonably certain to stick around, the Giants. In its first nine dates of the season, San Francisco drew 199,217 to Candlestick Park, an average of 22,135 per game. In their first 11 games, which included a half-price night home opener and a doubleheader, the A's drew 54,521 to the Coliseum, an average of 4,956. At this less than whoring pace, the turnstiles at Oakland Coliseum should turn only 401,436 times this season and give the A's the lowest attendance in the majors since their Philadelphia forebears drew 304,666 in 1954.

For the first month of the season, it was impossible to hear Oakland games on the radio unless the listener happened to be standing in the shadow of the University of California's Campanile, because Finley initially awarded the broadcast rights to KALX-FM, a student-operated station of 10-watt range. But late last week the A's were putting the final touches on a contract with KNEW, a considerably stronger AM station. It will replace student broadcasters Larry Baer and Bob Kozberg with veteran announcers Bud Foster and Cliff Haynes and, of all people, Curt Flood, whose tilts against the reserve clause in the dark ages of owner-player warfare contributed to Finley's troubles with his championship players. It also has not been easy to read in detail about the A's, because newspapers have for the moment virtually abandoned the team. No paper sent a reporter with Oakland on its first road trip out of California, the missing included the *Oakland Tribune*, which had never before failed to cover an A's game.

Ahead all the confusion and unexpected success, A's Manager Bobby Winkles has kept his wits about him. After Es-sian's hit and a Minnesota error had given the A's a second straight extra-inning win last Wednesday, Winkles said, "I look great right now, sure." Then, ambling off to the showers, he added, "But once we start losing a few, I'll be a jackass all over again."

There is, of course, one thing to be said for working for Finley's A's—you're never the only jackass around.

THE WEEK

(April 21-29)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST With the Phillies heating up and the Pirates hurrying up, the race in the East tightened up, only half a game separating the top four clubs. "It's tough to grip the bat," said Mike Schmidt of first-place Philadelphia (4-2), alluding to the cold weather. "You've got to put your hands in front of the heater before you go up to hit." Schmidt must have camped out in a boiler room, because he batted .417, and he was not the only torrid Phillie. Reserve Outfielder Jerry Martin locked up a 3-2 victory over San Diego with a three-run homer, Pitcher Randy Lerch helped himself to a 12-2 win against Chicago with a two-run homer and an RBI double, and in his first outing of the season, 39-year-old Jim Kaat was masterful as he beat the Cubs 7-0 on three singles. The only chilling news was Second Baseman Ted Sizemore's fractured left hand.

After clinging to the lead for most of the week, Montreal (3-3) did seven percentage points behind Philadelphia. The Expos did not slug a home run and batted a skippy .235, even though Dave Cash had a .435 average. Ross Grimsley ran his record to 4-0 with a 6-3 defeat of the Astros.

The Pirates (5-1) sped to within half a game of the lead, getting the deciding runs in a 4-2 defeat of the Mets without hitting the ball. After Omar Moreno walked and stole second and Dave Parker was intentionally walked, both advanced on a double steal and scored as the throw to third base slipped into left field. Altogether, the Bucs had 17 steals, with the 6' 5", 235-pound Parker picking up three and the 6' 3", 175-pound Moreno six. Pittsburgh subsequently edged New York 1-0, as Ed Ott homered in the 11th and Bert Blayven hurled a six-hitter. Rookie Don Robinson, 20, a 6' 4", 225-pound right-handed fastballer, got two wins, beating the Mets 2-1 and the Giants 6-2, both on five hits.

Also half a game off the pace was Chicago (3-3). The Cubs thrived on clutch hits: a single in the 12th by Joe Wallis finished off New York 3-2, Bobby Murcer's grand slam cooled off Philadelphia 4-2, and Atlanta felt 4-3 as Hentz Crut homered twice and Larry Rinker had a pinch-run-scoring hit in the 10th. After a 5-0 start, Revere Bruce Sutter recovered his 1977 form and struck out nine of the last 11 batters he faced.

With Manager Vern Riffe given the heave-ho, the Cardinals (3-3) turned gang-bro in their first game under interim Manager Jack Kralj, St. Louis pounded the Expos 12-2. Then, in their first game under new Manager Ken Boyer, the Cardinals made short work of the Dodgers, Eric Rasmussen need-

continued

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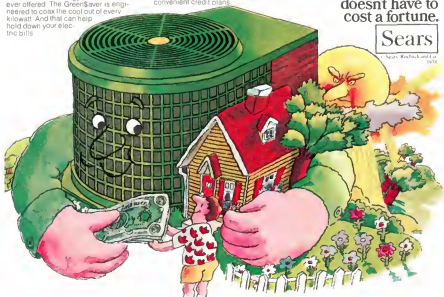
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Seven days after being in first place, the Mets (10-6) were in fifth. Although Steve Henderson ended his 0-for-25 slump and although New York made five double plays in one game, the Mets lost by margins large (14-7) and small (11-0, 2-1 and 3-2).

PHIL-7 MONT-10 PIT-9
CHIC-9 NY-12 STL-11

NL WEST Johnnie LeMaster, San Francisco's 23-year-old shortstop, agonized over his .190 batting average and the boos of Giant fans. "Don't worry about it," LeMaster was advised by Pete Rose of Cincinnati (3-2). "They boo me louder." Hearing that, an overdrinker said, "Yeah, but not for the same reason." In New York, where Rose has received lots of jeers, he got a standing ovation. It came in the eighth inning as Rose circled the bases after his third homer of the day, the first time in his 16-year career he had hit three in one game. That home run also was the sixth the Reds clouted in a 14-7 romp and was Rose's fifth hit, bringing him to within four of 3,000 for his career. Tom Seaver continued to be ripped, his record falling to 0-2 and his ERA rising to 5.00.

A two-game sweep in Cincinnati moved Los Angeles (4-1) into first place. The Dodgers won 4-2 behind Tommy John (4-0) and 14-4 as they walloped three home runs. Dusty Baker, usually a slow starter, lifted his average to .366 with a 556 wage. Rick Monday, who leads the majors in homers with eight and the league in RBIs with 22, kept the Dodger attack going by driving in six runs.

Pounding the ball, too, was Jeff Burroughs of Atlanta (3-3), who took over the league lead with a .413 average. Phil Niekro, who had been 0-4, buffed the Giants 3-1 and the Cubs 5-0 with his knuckleball.

After the Giants had scored only one run in each of four straight losses, Willie McCovey called a San Francisco (2-4) team meeting and told his mates they were pressing. McCovey then helped the Giants relax. He drove in four runs to beat Atlanta 5-3, and the next day Stretch hit a three-run double in the ninth to job Pittsburgh 5-4.

The Padres (2-4) made their first flight aboard a 727 bought by owner Ray Kroc, who fitted the jet with 60 first-class seats. San Diego then got a first-class performance from Gaylord Perry, who stopped Houston 2-1.

The Astros (3-3) lost 4-3 to Montreal as rookie Tom Dixon surrendered two runs on successive biffs. Another rookie, Denny Walling, fared better, his single in the 10th nipping the Padres 4-3. Three-hit pitching by Joquian Andujar and Bob Watson's third homer of the week knocked off Montreal 3-1.

LA 13-6 CIN 13-7 HOU 10-11
SF 9-10 SD 7-11 ATL 6-13

AL WEST Corks went pop and champagne flowed in the Minnesota (2-4) clubhouse after a 6-1 win over Oakland. Such festivities are usually reserved for momentous victories, which was precisely what the Twins felt their triumph was because it ended Minnesota's losing streak at nine games. The ninth loss had been particularly painful, Dan Ford having driven in seven runs, including a go-ahead pair in the 12th, before the A's pulled it out 9-8. Footing the bill for the bubbly was Rod Carew, who had called a pregame meeting to tell his younger teammates not to be downhearted and then whacked four hits.

Texas (6-1) was the only team to gain on first-place Oakland. Richie Zisk topped off his four-homer, 10-RBI week with two game-winning home runs. One of Zisk's clouts came in the 11th and did in Detroit 2-1, and the other was a two-run drive in the ninth that stunned Boston 5-4. First Baseman Mike Har- grove homered in three games in a row and also executed the hidden-ball trick to nab Cleveland's Paul Dade off first.

Willie Wilson of the Royals (4-3) put his extraordinary speed to good use. During an 11-2 rout of Milwaukee, Wilson turned a routine double into a triple, in another inning he stole second and scampered home on an infield single. There were, though, two blue notes for Kansas City: Third Baseman George Brett was expected to be out for 10 days with a shoulder contusion, and injury-plagued Pitcher Steve Busby was sent to the minors after being clubbed by the Brewers.

Ron Fairly's first two homers of the season helped California (4-2) dispose of Toronto 5-4 and 5-0. Pitching the shutout was Nolan Ryan, who struck out 11 as he tossed a two-hitter. Frank Tanana's fifth win was a 5-1 four-batter against Seattle.

Wilbur Wood of Chicago (11-5) earned his first victory when he beat Detroit 7-2. But the White Sox, who were shut out only twice all last season, got few other runs and were whitewashed for the third time this year.

A massive traffic jam kept Seattle Manager Darrell Johnson from making it to Anaheim Stadium Monday night. In his absence the Mariners (3-4) beat the Angels 6-5. Friday night Johnson watched in dismay as the Mariners had traffic problems of their own. In the first two innings against Detroit, six of the first 10 Mariners hit safely and another walked, yet Seattle scored just once as four runners were cut out trying to stretch hits or steal bases.

OAK 15-5 KC 13-5 CAL 14-6 TEX 8-10
CHIC 6-11 MINN 8-15 SEA 7-18

AL EAST Detroit's youth movement has received most of the publicity, but last week it was the rejuvenation of the geriatric vet that kept the Tigers (5-2) in front. Rusty Staub, 34, hit .393 and had eight RBIs, and Aurelio Rodriguez,

30, belted his 237 career average with 364 hitting. At week's end his 429 was leading the majors. Jack Billingham, 35, beat Chicago 4-1 for his third win without a loss. And John Hiller, 35, earned a win and a save as he gave up only one run and three hits in seven innings of relief.

Three pitching stalwarts faltered for Boston (2-4). Reliever Bill Campbell faced two batters in Texas, gave up a single and a homer and lost 5-4. After being clobbered by Cleveland in a 10-7 loss, Dennis Eckenley said, "I just don't have a good popping fast-ball and my breaking ball is lazy, sloppy." Mike Torrez, a 6-4 loser in Milwaukee, said, "No fastball. No curve. No slider. No zip." There were no complaints from Bill Lee (4-0), who trimmed the Brewers 4-3.

Perhaps fearful that whatever goes down might come up, Ron Guidry of New York (3-2) was removed in the eighth inning against Baltimore after swallowing tobacco.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JEFF BURROUGHS: Eight RBIs and two homers were only part of the Atlanta outfielder's productivity, which also included eight consecutive hits (two shy of the National League record) and a .778 average (14 for 18).

juice while trying to make a fielding play. The Yankees won that game 8-2 with an eight-run fifth in which they had seven straight singles, one short of the league record.

Heeding the advice of Rod Carew, Cecil Cooper of Milwaukee (2-3) has been crouching at the plate. The change has straightened out Cooper's batting. He batted .381 and unloaded his sixth and seventh homers, one of which helped defeat Boston 6-4.

Baltimore (2-3) has led the league in defense in each of the past four seasons, averaging slightly under 115 errors. This year, however, the Birds already have made 20 errors, including six last week. Reliever Don Stanhouse, who is uncensored on in 106 innings, noched his fourth and fifth saves.

Don Hood of Cleveland (4-4) matched his 1977 victory total as he won twice. With relief help from Jim Kern, Hood beat Toronto 4-2; Hood and Mike Paxton then defeated Oakland 6-2 on three hits.

For Toronto (3-4) there were demoralizing losses and impressive triumphs. Five errors in one game and 13 stranded runners in another led to setbacks. But Jesse Jefferson mowed down Chicago 4-0 with a three-hitter. For offense, the Blue Jays relied on Rico Carty (four homers) and ninth-inning hits by Roy Howell, whose two-run homer beat the Royals 3-1, and Willie Upshaw, whose two-run double topped Kansas City 8-7.

DET 13-4 BOS 11-8 NY 9-9 MIL 9-10
CLEV 8-10 BAL 7-11 TOR 7-13

Going down the old tube—in spades



I made the right play, low from my hand, then saw Steele take the trick with the what?

Before I tell you about my big play, the one that had them howling in the control room, I ought to explain how I came to be sitting at a bridge table with one television camera staring over my shoulder, another pointed at a mirror directly overhead and so many bright lights beaming down that the room felt like Saudi Arabia. My friend Edwin Kantar, a bridge teacher, writer and a member of the U.S. team that won the 1977 World Championship, had been signed to host a series of half-hour television shows, each one a lesson involving a hand to be bid and played by four guests. To help sell the show to potential sponsors, the producers had lined up a smattering of celebrities—Jim Backus, Carol Lawrence and Lee Meriwether were three—few of whom, as it developed, knew bridge from crazy eights.

It was left to Kantar to recruit a small army of players to fill the other three seats at the table for each show. He began by

asking fellow experts, then the wives of fellow experts, his girl friend, a few ex-girl friends and finally the guy he goes to Laker basketball games with. When he still didn't have enough, he asked me.

The shows were being filmed in Los Angeles, and I showed up a few days before my scheduled appearance so I could observe what I was getting into. The studio was more a rather dingy one-story building that looked more like a World War II barracks than MGM. There seemed to be a variety of businesses inside, but at the rear of the building was a door with a red light bulb above it and a written warning not to enter when the bulb was lit.

Inside was the television studio, a large room in the corner of which was a living room set-up—two couches at right angles, a coffee table and some artificial flowers. Several yards away was a card table with an elegant brown cloth top and four high-backed chairs. The rest of

This wasn't a commuters' game on the Long Island Rail Road. This was big time on the big eye. And this was disaster.

the room was a clutter of cables, cameras, lights and milling technicians.

The format of the show was simple enough. Kantar and his four guests were assembled on the couches for introductions. Eddie would stare into a camera with a cue card just off to one side and say, "Welcome to Master Bridge. I'm here to help you with your game. Today's lesson deals with setting up a side suit. We'll be back in a moment to meet our guests and guest celebrity."

Simple enough, but, as we were all to learn, nothing in television is easy. Kantar, for instance, is a bridge pro, not Al-star Cooke, and sometimes he managed to botch even those four sentences. And sometimes when he did get it perfectly, it would develop that the audio was too loud (or soft) or that some cable had become detached.

Returning after the hoped-for commercial, Kantar introduced his guests. Eddie would feed each a more or less prearranged question and the guest was expected to answer for about a minute. I learned a curious thing about television from one of these sessions. Three of the guests had spoken briefly about themselves, and then Kantar introduced Carol Lawrence, his guest celebrity. Lawrence came on as if she were putting on a show—excessive arm waving, dramatic intonations of the voice. I was embarrassed for her. And yet later, when I saw the tape, she seemed perfectly normal—lively but not unnatural—while the other three were like zombies.

When all the Johnny Carson guest business was finally over, the four players adjourned to the nearby bridge table while Kantar disappeared into a soundproof room with a monitor to do a voice-over, commenting on the bidding and play. He had arranged the hand in advance, of course, but everything else—as

continued

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I was to prove—was totally unrehearsed.

Certain television rules had to be observed during the bidding and play that made it difficult for the players to function normally. Besides the hot lights, the cameras and the mirror overhead to distract you, you were required to wait 10 seconds after the last bid before making your own. Even if you held a bummer of a hand, nothing to think about by normal standards, you had to count to 10 in your head before passing. But again, as it was with Carol Lawrence's emoting, it looked perfectly natural on tape. What you saw was a close-up of the player studying his hand. In the corner of the screen was a diagram of the cards he was holding, and the viewer needed the 10 seconds to focus in on the hand and to listen to Kantar explain the possible bids.

The play of the hand also seemed artificial. Each card to a trick had to be placed ceremoniously at the precise middle of the table so the camera focusing on the mirror above could pick up all four. Whoever won the trick had to count three seconds before removing the cards, again so the viewer could focus in on what had been played.

Following the play of the hand, Kantar would spend perhaps eight minutes in front of a magnetized board with the hand re-created on it, analyzing what had gone wrong, if anything, and what might have been bid and what to remember if a similar situation should come up. In short, the lesson. Since Kantar teaches bridge for a living, he handled it well, and this part of the show always went smoothly.

Not so the final segment. Kantar and all four guests would reassemble on the couches for a final word—how long depending on what had come before it. Sometimes it was four minutes, sometimes a minute 12 seconds, and the cut-off had to be precise. During the early shows guests were often entangled in some comment about the cards just played when furious hand signals off-camera indicated shut up. Kantar, not unnaturally, would be looking at his guest. Retakes often numbered five, or even more, before a keeper was shot—and the freshness of the conversation became lost. Eventually Eddie learned the knack of cutting the conversation with as many as 15 seconds remaining and starting a slow winddown, "And

now this is Eddie Kantar saying goodbye and reminding you not to draw trumps until..." Using this technique he could sign off on the button every time.

The first day I kibitzed, Eddie had an expert group headed by bridge columnist Alfred Sheinwold and Don Krauss, a stock analyst who has represented North America in World Championship play. The conversation was lively and funny, even without Carol Lawrence. Sheinwold told a bridge joke. A player at a tournament went up to an expert and asked him where he had gone wrong in playing a hand. The expert explained. Two days later the player got a bill for \$100 from the expert.irate, the player phoned his lawyer.

"I don't have to pay it, do I?" he asked.

"I'm afraid you do," answered the lawyer. "He's a professional and you sought his counsel."

Two days later the player got a bill for \$100 from the lawyer.

Krauss told a story about the legendary Oswald Jacoby. Jacoby was playing a hand in which the opponents held seven diamonds, including the queen. "Of the seven missing diamonds," said Ozzie, "I knew that five were on my left, two on my right, so I calculated that the odds were precisely 5-2 that the queen was on my left. Just then the player on my right dropped a card. It was the queen of diamonds. I immediately revised my estimate."

Sheinwold and Krauss bid and played the three hands Kantar set up for them without a flaw, as might be expected. I say three hands because while there was only one to a show, three shows could generally be filmed in one day so that most guests appeared that many times, slightly altering their costumes—sweater on, sweater off—to give the appearance of a whole new day. Perhaps Eddie should have saved the experts for last. The show's director, its producers, the whole crew knew nothing about bridge. They probably assumed that everything would always go as flawlessly as it did with Sheinwold and Krauss. I set them straight in a hurry.

It was the very next day, as a matter of fact. I had returned to kibitz again when word buzzed around the studio that Lee Meriwether had been detained. No one knew for how long. The producers, Barbara and Jack Warner, fretted. The

three other guests were on hand: Gene Mako, the former Wim Nedon doubles champion and now a leading builder of tennis courts; Barbara Hamman, former wife of Robert Hamman, one of the world's best players (Hamman would wonder who the other guys are); and Don Steele, the friend of Kantar's who watches the Lakers with him. There was a brief huddle among the Warners and Kantar and then all three came over to me saying guess what. I was a substitute guest celebrity. The make-up man started putting brown stuff on my face, a technician clipped a small microphone to my collar, I said a few words for audio control and... "Welcome to Master Bridge..."

The interview was easy. Eddie asked me about commuter-train bridge and I told the great outside world about those weird but exciting games on the Long Island Rail Road in which the cards are dealt in sixes and sevens, no shuffling, so that the hands are wild and slams are frequent. Then the four of us went over to the table for our hand.

What Kantar had devised was a defensive problem for Gene Mako, an excellent player. Mako, it was hoped, would find the right line of play to destroy what seemed like an ironclad contract for the hapless declarer. I was the declarer.

To give you the same problem Mako had, only the dummy (Barbara Hamman) and Mako's hand are shown at first:

				NORTH (Hamman)						EAST (Mako)	
				♦ 10 4 3						♦ K J 9 2	
				♥ A K 6 5						♥ 2	
				♦ 8 7						♦ A 7 6 4	
				♠ A K Q 4						♠ 7 6 5 2	
SOUTH		WEST		NORTH		EAST					
3♥		PASS		4♥		ALL PASS					

I, South, preempted three hearts and Barbara took me to four. Don Steele led the queen of diamonds and Mako won the trick with the ace. Now what?

As Kantar explained it later, this should have been Gene's line of reasoning: to open three hearts, I surely held seven of them and Barbara's hand holding surely must make the suit solid. I also

continued



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BRIDGE continued

must have the king of diamonds or Don would have led it. And with dummy's three top clubs staring him in the face, Mako knew I must have 11 quick tricks as soon as I could get the lead. Obviously the only chance Mako and Steele have to set the contract lies in grabbing three quick spade tricks.

And what does South (me) have in spades? Well, if he holds the ace, there's no hope at all, so you must presume the ace is with West. There is also no hope if I hold only two spades, so in order for the hand to be set, South must have at least three spades minus the ace. But what about the queen? If West has the queen as well as the ace, any spade lead by Mako will do, since defense has the top four. But if South (still me) has three spades to the queen, the lead of only one card will set the hand. You must lead the jack. Here is the full hand.

WEST	NORTH	EAST
13♠eeles	1♥♥♥♥♥	1♠eeles
♦A 8 7	♦A K 8 5	♦K J 9 2
♥A 8 7	♥3	♥2
♣Q J 10 9 5	♣A K Q 4	♣A 7 8 4
♦10 9 3		♦6 5 2
	SOUTH	
	1♠eeles	
	♦10 6 5	
	♥Q J 10 9 8 4 3	
	♣K 2	
	♦A 8	

What can I do? If I cover, Don takes the trick with his ace and returns the suit through dummy's 10. Mako, holding the king-nine, makes both. If I do not cover the jack with the queen, the jack takes the trick, quickly followed by the ace and king. Either way I'm set.

Alas, Mako led the two, not the jack. No way to set the hand now because by playing low in my hand, dummy's 10 will force Steele to play his ace and now my queen is sitting behind the king and will take a trick.

But as I said, nothing in television is easy and if Mako could not set the hand, I could. Trying to recall my thought process (obviously minimal), I was hoping Mako would continue diamonds so I could grab my 11 tricks. Forget that such a hand would not offer the viewer much in the way of an education. I was playing four hearts and I didn't care how I made the hand. So when I saw that Mako had led something black—and worse, a spade not a club—my mind left the table. I was aware of the heat from the

lights and could almost feel the camera over my shoulder. I made the right play, low from my hand, and then saw Steele raking in the trick with the . . . with what? The jack, I thought. Almost assuredly the jack.

I was a little angry with Eddie Big deal of a hand. Brings me all the way out to California and then gives my opponents an easy hand to defend. The spade switch was so obvious.

Steele returned a spade and in that instant I devised my great plan. No one's going to set me without a struggle, I thought. So when Mako produced the king of spades, I very slowly pulled the queen from my hand and placed it carefully at the center of the table with the other three cards.

It was at that moment that I heard a noise, a sort of shout, coming from somewhere, and I now judge it came from the carpalps of one of the technicians nearby who was listening to Kantar's commentary. And with the noise I realized that something was wrong, dreadfully wrong.

I had hoped, of course, that Mako would assume I was out of spades—no one in his right mind plays a queen under a king unless he has to—and that he would switch to another suit. Mako took his time but probably only because of the television format. I watched him carefully out of the corner of my right eye. Out came a card from his hand and onto the brown cloth it went—the jack of spades. The hand had to be down one anyway, but not quite the way Kantar had expected.

The worst part of the ordeal was that I then had to continue for nine more tricks. And slowly. There was nothing left to the play, of course, but the director, who was a snippy fellow, had insisted every hand be played out to the final trick, even if all you held were trumps and the opponents had none. So there I was on public display for another three minutes, mechanically leading out all my hearts while everyone in the control room was laughing.

Actually it made an exciting show. At least that's what the Warners said. They thought a little comic relief would be welcome. They also thought there might be a demand for another series, and if so I was welcome, but don't call them, they'll call me. I'm still waiting.

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Punch now, bat later

He'd sooner play shortstop, but Duran saves his hands for slugging opponents

ran's love of baseball," he says. "I, too, am a very faithful fan. But no more than two weeks ago I caught Roberto playing ball. I think he would rather be a shortstop than a fighter. It's his hands. They are hands of stone for boxing, but baseball is different. He could break his fingers, a wrist. When I speak to him, he listens to me. For a while."

Even though he listens, Duran occasionally fails to get the message. Several months ago Elela was in Boston on business and Duran telephoned from Panama. The fighter had just had a call from General Omar Torrijos, the President of

Panama, who was visiting Cuba. Fidel Castro wanted very much to meet Duran. "I told him to go ahead," Elela said, "but I warned him, as I always do, not to get involved in politics. I told him to be careful of what he said."

Pledging to be discreet, Duran flew to Havana, where all went smoothly—at first. And then Castro mentioned Teófilo Stevenson, the Cuban two-time Olympic heavyweight champion. "What would you think of a fight between Stevenson and Muhammad Ali for the world title?" Castro asked.

The question didn't sound political to Duran. "Don't be crazy," he said. "Ali would kill him."

"Adios," Fidel said.

A former ambassador to Spain, Elela knows the art of diplomacy. Still, he delights in Duran's frankness and honesty. The pair have never had a contract. Duran has had several offers to switch managers, one of them for \$200,000. He has rejected them all.

"That Duran," Elela says, "he's something, isn't he?"

Seven years ago, that was precisely
continued



Wading in relentlessly, Duran (left) was frustrated by Viquez's style: the counterpunch, the hit and back away, and the crablike shuffle.

what Luis Henriquez was telling Madison Square Garden matchmaker Teddy Brenner. Henriquez is a Panamanian vice-consul in New York, and he is now Eleta's administrative assistant for Duran's fights as well.

"He really is something else," Henriquez was telling Brenner, who had never heard of Duran. "Twenty-three fights, all wins, with 19 knockouts. You should use him."

At the time, Duran was already scheduled to fight Chango Carmona, the No. 2 lightweight contender, in Mexico, for \$10,000. Swayed by Henriquez' eloquence, Brenner offered Duran \$3,000 to fight unranked Benny Huertas in the Garden.

"It took me three weeks to make up my mind," Eleta says. "There was a big difference in money. But the exposure at the Garden decided me. I told Roberto it was the best thing to do."

But Eleta had second thoughts in the dressing room just before the fight in September 1971. He was concerned that Duran, who had only fought in Panama and Mexico, might freeze before a big Garden crowd.

"Are you worried?" Eleta asked.
 "Very worried," Duran said.
 "Of what?" said Eleta, alarmed.

"I am worried because I want to eat a lot of ice cream after the fight and I am afraid the stores will close before we can get out of here. I'm going to knock this guy out in the first round."

Duran did just that. Because of his impressive showing, he was back at the Garden nine months later, when he knocked out Ken Buchanan in 13 to win the world lightweight championship.

Five months later, Esteban DeJesus defeated Duran in a non-title over-the-weight bout at the Garden, Duran's only loss in 62 fights. DeJesus weighed 138 pounds, Duran was 137½. Duran has since knocked out DeJesus twice at the regulation weight. "He had just won the title and he was having a lot of fun celebrating," says Freddie Brown, one of Duran's trainers. "He didn't take DeJesus seriously. It didn't mean anything to him. He came to New York to play."

Last week's fight with junior welterweight Viruet was also a non-title bout, this time with a 142-pound limit. But Duran hadn't forgotten the first DeJesus fight. There was to be no playing around

Duran set up camp in a suite at the Mayflower Hotel where, except for trips to Gleason's Gym to train, he spent most of his time. He was in bed each night at eight o'clock.

"Roberto isn't going to fight that much longer," says Eleta. "Perhaps no more than a year, two more fights. He doesn't want to lose, even though his title is not at stake."

On one of his few excursions out of the hotel, Duran went to Casa Latina on 116th Street, where he bought \$2,000 worth of bongos, snare drums and timbals. Another morning he dropped into Saks Fifth Avenue and purchased a \$250 raincoat and a \$50 pair of sunglasses. For recreation he mostly sat on a bench in Central Park across from the hotel and watched the people go by.

"After the fight I'll play," he said. "Viruet is something special. I want to beat him bad."

Duran has a running feud with the Vireto family, Puerto Ricans who live in Hoboken, N.J. Twice Duran had fought Adolfo's brother Edwin. He won the first fight on a 10-round decision, the second on a 15-round decision, Duran and Edwin Viruet don't like each other. And it didn't help any when Edwin showed up at Duran's training sessions to shout insults.

"I kicked your tail twice," Duran screamed at Edwin one day. "And I'll kick your brother's. And if you bring your father tomorrow, I'll kick his."

Adolfo said he didn't understand the necessity for all the shouting. "I'm not yelling at nobody," said Adolfo, a 26-year-old southpaw with a 14-2 record. "It's my brother yelling. I got nothing against nobody. I think my brother hates him. But I got nothing against Duran. He never do nothing to me."

And through the early rounds Viruet fought as if he held no grudges. Most of the time he kept out of harm's way, scuttling away from the advancing Duran, only occasionally stopping to sting the champion with a left-hand lead. Duran, frustrated, expended most of his energy trying to get close enough to land a punch.

Viruet is reputed to be a tough street fighter who takes a good punch to the head, and although he boasted before-hand—"He want to fight wild, I fight him

wild. It's gonna be a war"—most of the bombs exploded in air rather than on someone's chin. Whenever Duran unloaded a punch, Viruet took two quick steps backward and ran or tentatively countered.

In the sixth round, however, Duran leaped in, caught Viruet with a hook to the body and shook him with a right to the head. Teeth bared, Viruet fought back and hooked the champion to the body, then to the head.

Duran muscled his rival to the ropes and began to pound him with both hands. When he missed with a punch, Duran sometimes followed with an elbow. Hurt and angry, Viruet, who hadn't fought in almost a year, battled back. For better than two minutes it was street fury against street fury, neither man giving a step. At the bell, Referee Arthur Mercante leaped between the two to stop them. The crowd of 17,125 fans stood and cheered for more.

They didn't get another round like the sixth, but Duran knew by the end that he had been in a fight. Although the decision was unanimous, Judge Artie Aidala gave Viruet four rounds. Tony Castellano had it 7-3, while Mercante scored it 7-2=1 in Duran.

It was then that Edwin Viruet leaped into the ring and tried to get at the champion, and Duran tried to get at Edwin. The only casualty was 72-year-old Ray Arcel, Duran's other trainer, who was pushed to the floor as people rushed to intercept the two fighters.

"He hit my brother low four times," Edwin said later.

"I would have hit Edwin low if all those people didn't get in my way," Duran said later.

Overlooked was the fact that Edwin hadn't managed to hit Duran in 25 rounds; if he had done it this time, Duran would doubtless have won again.

And then they all left the Garden, Duran to look for an ice-cream store and Eleta to sign title fights with Alexis Arguello, the WBC junior lightweight champion, and with Antonio Cervantes, the WBA junior welterweight champ. The purses for these bouts should establish Duran as a millionaire.

"After those two fights, he can play all the shortstop he wants," said Eleta. "I may even try and get him a tryout with the Cubs."

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Won in straight upsets

Perhaps unhinged by the largest purses in the sport, favorites in all events came up losers in the Copenhagen/Skoal rodeo at Fort Worth

A blinding spring breeze was stirring outside Fort Worth's Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum late last Saturday night, and rodeo's biggest star, 27-year-old Tom Ferguson, looked like a contented man. His black hat was tipped back and one foot was propped against a fence as he sipped an icy soft drink. Conversation flowed pleasantly. Indeed, there in the flickering shadows, Ferguson looked and acted precisely like what he is: king of the rodeo road. The first man to have won more than \$100,000 in a year in a

sport in which \$30,000 is impressive, Ferguson has done it two years in a row. Before he started rolling, the \$64,447 that Larry Mahan won in 1973 was tops. Now Ferguson is third on the all-time list, with more than \$300,000 in five years, and unless the sky falls and the oceans cover the West, he will shortly leave dust all over No. 2 (Mahan, \$515,000) and No. 1 (Dean Oliver, \$527,000) in two decades.

In five years of full-time rodeo, Ferguson has taken the world all-around championship, for which a cowboy must win money in at least two events, four straight times and is oddsmoney for a fifth, sixth and seventh. In a sport with only three certified stars—Casey Tibbs, Jim Shoulders and Mahan—Ferguson should be the fourth.

Professional rodeo has been waiting for generations to be discovered. Indeed, so anxious is the sport to dance that it has long been prone to take up with any smooth-talking stranger who happens by with promises of network television, four-color photos and limousines for everyone. Thus, last week in Fort Worth, rodeo people were spitting in the dirt with new vigor and proclaiming the Rodeo Superstars event wonderful, just wonderful. Could this, they mused, really be first light, signaling a bright new day for rodeo? The sponsoring U.S. Tobacco Co. had not let them down. The company that promised an innovative, first-class event spent \$328,000 to make it so. It offered top prize money for calf roping, bull riding and

girls' barrel racing and gave \$50,000 to charity, to boot. The nation's 15 best bull riders and 15 best calf ropers said they would show up, and they did. Television syndication was arranged in 93 markets, as far east as Pittsburgh. A three-night sellout of 7,000 fans was delivered. All went so well that the U.S. Tobacco biggies even managed to laugh when singer Ronnie Milsap thanked the American Tobacco Co. for inviting him.

Of most potential long-range significance was the format, head-to-head competition, set up in brackets, just like the NCAA basketball championships. Lose and you're out. Normally in rodeo, competitors take their turns in an event, and the best score wins, but comparing performances is difficult. Furthermore, most rodeos have a lot of contestants, including a full load of those with no discernible ability. At Fort Worth, only the best were on hand and proceedings were streamlined to the extent possible when man and animal must cooperate. It was, most agreed, the best rodeo ever for fans.

And it looked as if it would be the best ever for Ferguson, who is used to some big days in the arena. In the semifinals of the calf roping, his opponent was Willard Moody, a sometimes erratic performer who once quit in frustration to return to teaching school. The two were to rope six calves alternately, lowest total time to win. On the third calf, Moody mixed with his first loop, made his second throw and tied the calf in a poky 22.45 seconds. "That just killed us," said Moody's father. He had too little faith. His son slammed back and tied his next two in 8.51 and 9.57 seconds, to close within 43 seconds of Ferguson.

Despite his lead, Ferguson was not pleased with his prospects, for his final calf was a large one, and he figured he could do no better than 10 seconds on it. Moody's was a smaller animal that looked like a good nine-second candidate. Ferguson went out first, roped the calf and was running to him when the

continued



Barger thought he was over the hill, but he ended up on top

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rope broke. A 24-foot rope that retails for \$25. Ferguson had decided to switch to it only moments before, afraid that an older rope might break. Of the new one's 93 strands, several had given way, and Ferguson was out \$15,000, the largest first prize ever offered in rodeo. To win, Willard Moody had only to avoid stopping for lunch, which he did.

The finals saw him head-to-head with Roy Cooper, a 21-year-old calf roper from Durant, Okla., who rodeoed hard throughout 1977 to win \$46,000 and considers himself smarter than other ropers, "because I listened well when I was young." Fans were repeatedly jerked from their seats as the unexpected but talented pair roped and tied in textbook style. After five calves each and no misses, Cooper had a total time of 51.12, Moody 52.86. But on his sixth trip, Moody did miss and had to resort to a second rope. Miraculously, he got the job done in 13.33 seconds, but Cooper won with a 12.62. His margin of victory was 2.45 seconds.

Bull riding also offered semifinal and final rounds minus its premier performer, Don Gay, who has won the world title four years straight. He was defeated Friday evening because he had a bull that didn't buck enough to allow him to post a high score. Nothing irks Gay more; he went to 171 rodeos last year in search of ornery bulls. Years ago, after having been hurt, Gay asked the doctor when he could compete again. "When you think you're tough enough, kid," was the response, so Donnie promptly flew to El Paso and won \$1,200.

Last week's bull-riding winner, Bobby Berger, understands this. In the 1971 National finals, Bobby jumped off a bull, fell and broke a bone in his left hand. He broke his right wrist in a saddle-bronc accident just before he broke his toe getting off another bronc, and then he chipped his elbow in a bareback bronc wreck. Berger remembers asking himself at this point, "I wonder if I can take all this at one rodeo?" He did.

Last week the 32-year-old from Norman, Okla. was afraid he might be over the competitive bull. He said, "I know I should be thinking about stopping all this," and he was as surprised as anyone to find himself in the finals in Fort Worth. Asked if he didn't think he was as good as Gay, he said, "No, not really." Which he isn't. "But I do know Donnie has been

hot, and he has been lucky," Berger added. "I figured he just can't come through every time."

Berger whipped Gay by successfully handling a bull that had dumped him four times previously. An innovation for this rodeo had made the bull riding even more exciting by allowing riders to score, and often score well, even though they failed to stay aboard for the required eight seconds. In conventional rodeo, anything other than a full ride means no score. So even though Berger's opponent in the finals, Doug Shihe, rode Flying High—a rambunctious critter that bucked off 33 of the 36 cowboys who got on his back last year—for only 1.96 seconds, he still got 30.38 points out of a possible 160.

But when Berger got a chance on Flying High, he stayed with it for 5.03 seconds for a score of 90.54. The bull stuck a horn in Berger's scalp during the rough trip, which dazed Bobby. "The whole thing is a blur," he said later. "I'm trying to remember jump for jump, but I can't." Shihe said he was delighted to have the \$6,000 in runner-up money, and Berger, still shaken, stood with blood running down his face. "I can't believe a rodeo when Bobby Berger can win this much money," he said. "Isn't it great? I mean, I'm a gambler, and I'm used to chickens today

and feathers tomorrow." Hello, chickens.

On Friday, Collette Graves, 23, of Hartner, Kans. had led off the weekend's upsets when she won the barrel racing by defeating the people's choice, 14-year-old Jackie Jo Perrin, in a time of 32.99. She took home \$5,000, and if \$15,000 is chicken to Bobby Berger, \$5,000 is carter to any barrel racer.

And all the while, plans were being talked up at U.S. Tobacco Network television, maybe. First prize of \$35,000 for a full seven-event rodeo instead of one of three events, maybe. Madison Square Garden, maybe.

If it all comes off, champion Tom Ferguson, for one, will be there.

How does it feel to have lost \$15,000. he was asked Saturday night.

"I didn't lose it. I never had it."

But isn't it tough to miss out on that money?

"Money don't make me good or bad. I do my best for \$2, and I do my best for \$20,000."

Aren't you even depressed?

"No. The best thing about rodeo—or maybe it's the worst—is that there's always another one." And Ferguson was off for Tulsa.

His personal business manager, Lee Fregeau, was not as philosophical. "Wanna see a \$15,000 rope?" he asked. **END**



Ferguson is still the once and future king, but last week the all-around champion got whipped



NOTICE TO ALL ENTRANTS In any relay event contested by Villanova, you will finish no higher than second owing to the laws of nature and a Philadelphia municipal ordinance.

There is no such law on the books in Philly, of course, but it certainly looked as if there were last week at the Penn Relays, the nation's oldest, busiest, liveliest and, as it turned out, most singularly dominated track and field meet.

In the 84th running of the Franklin Field carnival—and what else do you call a gathering graced by hustlers hawk-ing T-shirts, jewelry and cotton candy, a dog on the track and enough athletes (9,000) to staff the Olympics?—Villanova stole the show to a degree beyond almost everyone's expectations and that included Wildcat Coach Jumbo Elliott.

Early in the week, perhaps fretting over unimpressive workouts and the virus that had taken up residence in one of Mark Belger's sinus cavities, Elliott said it would be "impossible" for his team to match its all-time record of winning five major relay championships at Penn, a feat the Wildcats had accomplished in 1968, '69 and '70.

At best, Jumbo should have said "im-

Led by Mark Belger, Villanova won five out of five races at the Penn Relays

They're relay great

plausible," for when Saturday's final relay had been run, Villanova had racked up five victories in the five team events it had entered. Tim Dale's superb 45.2-second anchor leg, which enabled the Wildcats to add the 1,600-meter title to their two-day haul, may also have proved that Villanova was destined to win even on the rare occasion when a rival team might run as fast. Tennessee equaled the Wildcats' time of 3:04.5 for the race, but Dale, who had slipped past the Vols' Antone Blair on the last turn of the final lap, was judged to have hit the tape first by an eyelash.

The inevitability of Villanova's juggernaut hardly was apparent Friday when the Wildcats won their 13th straight distance medley in 9:37.8, thanks mainly to

Don Paige's heady running on the anchor leg. Paige, a handsome 21-year-old junior who lost the last two outdoor seasons to stress fractures in his left leg, held off East Tennessee's 3:55 Irish import, Ray Flynn, who ran his 1,600-meter anchor in a blistering 3:56.9.

"When I heard Flynn coming up," said Paige, "I figured he had to have run his first three laps very well, and because of that there was no way he could outkick me. I didn't kick that much; I ran with power. I was content to run to win." Which he did with a time of 4:02.3.

However, Belger, the ace half-miler who ran the 1,200-meter third leg, and who has yet to be beaten in four Penn Relays, almost ran himself into exhaustion. He opened with a 52-second lap and ran at a 1:52 pace over the first 800 meters. It was much too fast, and Belger finished on leaden legs in 2:57.3.

Even so, he was better off than Tennessee's Sammy James. An Ace bandage on James' right leg came unfastered at the first turn of the second lap. Soon it trailed behind James like a kite tail and almost tripped him before he had to drop out.

"The Penn Relays, that's a tense time in your track life," Belger reflected after the race. "It's a week when you've got to lay low and prepare to make no mistakes. And I feel lousy. I've got this cold, we're just starting finals and I can't get to sleep. It's just hectic."

The next day, rebounding from his misjudged pace and the bug, Belger twice anchored the Wildcats to victory and thus extended his individual Penn Relays success to 10 triumphs in 10 races, exceeding Marty Liquori's Villanova record by one.

In the sprint medley, Dale (45.9), Keith Brown (20.9) and Albert Graves (20.7) sent Belger off with a three-meter lead and he was never seriously challenged. Belger ran the 800 meters in 1:47.4 to give the Wildcats a 3:14.9 mark that was one second shy of the meet record.

But with a thought to the 3,200-meter relay that would be contested less than two hours later, Belger said, "I wish it hadn't been that fast. In the Penn Relays, I'm more concerned about how fast I have to run than how fast I run."

continued

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He needn't have worried. In the metric equivalent of the two-mile relay, Belger got the baton four meters behind New Mexico's fleet Kenyan, Sammy Kipkurugut, after Paige had made up six meters on the Lobos by running the third leg in 1:47.1.

Going into the gun lap, Belger had cut the deficit to two meters as the crowd of 36,421 roared its approval at the best sustained duel of the afternoon. Belger passed Kipkurugut on the final turn and won by three meters in 1:47.1.

"I love it," Belger said. "I've got a lot of faith in myself. I knew it would be a two-man race. I wanted to feel him out but I made one move and he faded. It was a good race. I wish there were more like that." Later, Belger's joy was heightened still further when he was named Outstanding College Track Athlete of the meet. (Indiana's Robert Cannon won the title among field athletes for his 53' 10 1/2" triple jump.)

Villanova's fifth victory came in the

6,000-meter relay, in which Dean Childs (3:47.9), Jim Flynn (3:47.4), John Burns (3:44.0) and Paige (3:47.8) beat Penn State by .8 of a second. The Nittany Lions' foursome of Mike Wyatt, Dave Felice, Tom Rupp and Robert Snyder (3:45.2) took solace from the fact that their 15:07.9 mark was an American record because Childs is Canadian.

Villanova was the dominant team, but bad breaks prevented Rensselaer's Nehemiah, Maryland's 19-year-old freshman hurdler, from achieving similar status on an individual level. On Friday, shortly after asking Terrapin Coach Frank Costello, "How many races can I run?" Nehemiah anchored Maryland's 400-meter relay team to a 40.08 mark that led all qualifiers; led off the 800-meter relay team with a 20.6 leg; won his high-hurdle heat in a wind-aided 13.41 and anchored the 480-yard shuttle hurdle relay team to the fastest (57.8) qualifying time by flying over the barriers in an unofficial 13.3 seconds.

On Saturday, Nehemiah anchored the sprint relay team to a 39.89 victory and ran the fastest time in the world this year (13.52, which is also a junior world record) in the 110-meter hurdles. But Maryland's 800-meter relay team, so which he contributed another 20.6 leg, finished second to Tennessee by one-tenth of a second and, worst of all, the shuttle hurdle team was disqualified when an official ruled that Nehemiah had started too soon. Costello timed Nehemiah in 12.8 for Saturday's anchor leg as Maryland finished in 55.7 seconds, one-tenth off the world record.

The vast number of entrants and events at the Penn Relays often tends to obscure outstanding performances, such as that of Darroll Gatson, who ran a sizzling 44.5 leg for third-place Alabama in the finals of the 1,600-meter relay. Had Villanova not won, it might have been a happier day for the Bama bullet. As it was, Gatson was just another athlete thinking, "There oughta be a law." **END**

AUTO SHOW



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Thrusting away at all corners, Goats Palmater used his stick for more than just blocking shots

Battered into submission

Toronto's plan was to win by bullying, and when the Islanders failed to fight back, they dropped a shocking series

It has been a long time coming, but at last the National Hockey League has produced a violent Stanley Cup series that the FBI, the Mounties and the KGB cannot blame on the Philadelphia Flyers. In fact, the fighting broke out in a most unexpected quarter, between the Toronto Maple Leafs and the New York Islanders, teams without police records. Heretofore models of exemplary behavior on the ice, they suddenly resorted to the high stick, the flying elbow, the overhand right, the upcave, the butt end and one of the most feared weapons of all—the bite.

When the final blow had been struck last Saturday night, the Intimidators had overpowered the Retaliators Toronto, which had finished third in the Adams Division, beat the Patrick Division-champion Islanders 2-1 in Game 7 of their quarterfinal-round series at the Nassau Coliseum and headed to Montreal for a whack at intimidating the lofty Canadiens. The decisive goal was scored

by Lanny McDonald in the fifth minute of sudden death.

McDonald scored 46 goals during the regular season, but until his winning shot against the Islanders he had been an overtime playoff bust. Wearing a wire cage to protect his nose—recently broken for the eighth time—he had missed similar opportunities to end each of the previous two games at the Coliseum early in overtime periods. The Islanders eventually won both.

While three sudden-death games in one series assured moments of tension, the drama was overshadowed by the pervasive brutality. Game 2 in New York and Games 3 and 4 in Toronto were marred by the sort of thuggery the NHL has failed to control. Obviously intending to intimidate the Islanders, the Maple Leafs initiated much of the high-sticking, charging and elbowing. Occasionally some of the more spirited Islanders

would attempt to repay the Leafs in kind.

"The Maple Leafs knew they had only one way they could beat us," said Chico Resch, the losing goaltender. "They couldn't skate with us, but they could try to scare us, goon it up and get us to fighting with them. And that's just what they did. We don't have one guy on our team who's a real goon—a goon being a guy who can go out on the ice and, in a snap, turn really vicious. We used to have goons, sure, but I'm afraid we've lost that goon-ness you obviously need to succeed in the playoffs."

In Game 4, which Toronto won 3-1 to tie the series at two games apiece, referee Bob Myers called 18 two-minute penalties, nine five-minute penalties (eight for fighting, one on Islander Jude Drouin for spearing), two 10-minute misconducts and a game misconduct—a total of 111 minutes. "You can't tell me that the owners don't condone this," said Islander Wing Eddie Westfall, who had to sit out Game 4 because of a knee injury. "Listen, if they want the sport of hockey to grow, then the people who run it had better grow up. Can you imagine? All we've had for three games now is a bunch of guys waltzing around trying to decide who's chicken and who's not chicken."

Predictably, the shenanigans attracted the attention of Roy McMurtry, the attorney general of the Province of Ontario, who in 1976 charged three Philadelphia players with assault, involving a police officer and possession of an offensive weapon for their activities in brawls during a playoff game there. This time McMurtry announced that he would again file assault charges "if play deteriorates into the mindless viciousness" that marked the Toronto-Philadelphia series of 1976. "What has happened here again demonstrates a real lack of maturity so far as professional athletes are concerned," he said. "It's all very disturbing because what happens has an enormous influence on the young, impressionable players watching the games."

None of this seemed to bother the Toronto management or players, who regarded the complaints as a clear sign that

continued

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the intimidation was working. "We're just trying to play as rough as we can," said rookie Coach Roger Neilson. "That McMurtry rears his ugly head whenever he sees that elections are coming up," said Toronto owner Harold Ballard. "All he wants out of this is a free political ad for himself. In Canada, the greatest way to get your name before the public is to talk about the national pastime." Then Ballard shook his head. "I talk too much," he said. "I think I'm going to die of a throat condition. Someone's going to hang me."

Moving to New York for Game 5 Tuesday night, the Maple Leafs were handicapped by the loss of their best defenseman, Borje Salming. Midway through Game 4, Salming had accidentally been struck in the face by the stick of Lorne Henning, a noncombative Islander, and suffered a broken nose and a cut over his right eye. The blow caused hemorrhaging behind the eye, resulting in temporary loss of vision, and Salming had to spend more than a week in the hospital. "You don't replace a Salming," Neilson said. "He plays more than 40 minutes a game, runs the power play, kills off penalties, does everything."

Forced to become more defense-minded, Toronto almost abandoned its crushing body-bending offense in Game 5 and rallied to provide extra protection for goaltender Mike Palmateer. But now, suddenly, the situation had changed. Spurred on by an angry crowd and obviously aroused by suggestions that they had become intimidated, it was the Islanders who came out crashing.

On his first shift, Clark Gillies, New York's 6' 3", 220-pound left wing, ran a Toronto player into the boards. By all previous officiating standards, Gillies' hit would have been acceptable. But Ron Wicks, refereeing his first game in the series, whistled Gillies to the penalty box for high-checking. When he came out, Gillies rammed another Toronto player into the boards. Wicks, not wanting the game to become a replay of the earlier debacles, sent Gillies to the penalty box again, this time for charging.

Defenseman Ian Turnbull, Toronto's best player during the series, put the Maple Leafs ahead 1-0. Denis Potvin tied the score for New York, and the teams went into overtime. Moments after McDonald rolled a backhand off the post to Resch's right, Bob Nystrom won

the game for the Islanders 2-1 when he beat Palmateer from 25 feet following a spectacular fake-out of Defenseman Brian Glennie.

Dad Palmateer felt badly about Nystrom's goal—and the defeat.

"Nah, why should I?" he said. "I played my normal great game. One time I stopped three straight shots with my mask."

Palmateer also was stopping unsuspecting Islanders with his stick, swinging it machete-style on whoever skated too close to the Toronto net. "He keeps the stick up and you expect him to drop it down," Nystrom said, "but if he doesn't, you're going to get it in the teeth."

New York's Bob Bourne offered a sample analysis of how the Islanders really had won the game: "Gillies banged those two guys early, Garry Howatt punched five guys in the nose, and Nystrom hit everything that moved."

The next day in Toronto, Neilson seemed mystified by the fact that the Maple Leafs were trailing three games to two. "We wanted to do three things," he said. "Contain their big line, contain their power play and outlast them. We've done all three things, and yet we're still losing."

Indeed, the Toronto checkers—particularly Jimmy James, Bugsy Butler and Darryl Sittler—had so harassed the line of Bryan Trottier, Mike Bossy and Gillies, the highest-scoring unit in the NHL, that the three had scored just three goals in five games. The Toronto penalty killers also had checked the Islanders' power play—which was the second-best unit in the NHL—with three goals in 27 attempts. And the Toronto hitters outnumbered the Islander batters by about 15 to three. "Howatt, Nystrom and I do most of the hitting for us," said Gillies. "All their guys seem to hit."

Toronto's two leading hitters, Dave (Tiger) Williams and the newly acquired Dan Maloney, agreed with Gillies' assessment. "Not all their guys hit, and most of their guys don't like the hitting," Maloney noted. Williams, who seems to have borrowed the face of George Chuvalo ("Tiger's face is the beer can you just stepped on," Ballard says), showed no respect for the Islanders. "This is a pansy series and they're a bunch of faeries," he said, scratching his chin just below the jagged marks made by the teeth of the Islanders' Nystrom during one of their tussles. "This

series is over. The Islanders are dead. Believe me, they don't have any guts."

That exact sentiment was expressed by a number of the New York players the following night after the Maple Leafs had tied the series at three games apiece with a 5-2 victory. Toronto drove Resch from the nets with a four-goal barrage in the first 15 minutes, and the teams spent the rest of the night trading cheap shots. Six players in all were penalized at least five minutes each for fighting. The Islanders' Garry Howatt waged three fights on his own. "I'm mad," he said later. "Williams can't even put two sentences together and here he is calling us a bunch of faeries."

One incident clearly indicated just how intimidated the Islanders had become. In the second period, Butler needlessly pushed Bossy into the boards, and the Islanders' rookie crumbled to the ice. Denis Potvin watched but instead of retaliating, he calmly skated away. Bossy remained motionless for almost 15 minutes before being carried out on a stretcher. He was taken to a nearby hospital, but returned to New York with the team when X rays showed that his neck was sprained, not broken.

"When someone does what Butler did to Bossy, it becomes the law of the jungle," said one NHL general manager. "If a player on my team skated away without getting even right then and there, he wouldn't be on my team the next day. What the Islanders are proving in this series is that they're no longer a tough team."

New York Defenseman Gerry Hart, disgusted with the pacifism of some of his teammates, shook his head as he recalled the Bossy hit. "Some of our guys didn't make the trip to Toronto, I'm afraid. Or maybe they're here but checked something at the airport."

"We're suiting up everyone, but not everyone's showing up out there," said another player. Indeed, the best hit made by an Islander in Game 6 was Billy Harris' thundering check on Trottier. Trouble is, Harris and Trottier are teammates, and the collision bruised Trottier's jaw.

For Game 7 Saturday night, Trottier also wore a cage-like mask for protection, and when he faced McDonald, it looked like something out of *Star Wars*. It was a quiet game, though, the quietest of them all. Turnbull and Potvin exchanged goals, just as they had done in Game 5, but this time McDonald didn't miss in overtime. **END**

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JOURNEY INTO



SPRING

With an adventure-loving daughter paddling in the bow the author canoes a beloved river, the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and assesses its health
by **BIL GILBERT**



WEST BRANCH

continued

In north-central Pennsylvania there is a complex of connected rivers on which I have had a lot of good times during the past 20 years: the Sinnamahoning and Kettle flowing out of the Black Forest; Pine Creek rushing through the magnificent Grand Canyon of the East; the Moshannon and Loysock, pre-eminent white-water runs. These, as well as hundreds of other streams, creeks and springs, are tributaries of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River.

There is something about a river that invites you to travel it from beginning to end. Considering what high regard I have for the West Branch, it may seem curious that I had never made such a trip on this particular stream. However, there was no sense of deprivation or frustration because I felt certain that someday the time and circumstances would be ripe. And sure enough, time and circumstances coincided last spring. Lyn, my eldest daughter and a college junior in Arizona, called one April evening to say that she had a month off between the end of the spring semester and the beginning of summer school and that she was coming back to Pennsylvania. "But I'll get bored if I just sit around playing with toys and people I used to know," she said. "I want an adventure. I was thinking of..."

"What I have been thinking about—again," I said, "is paddling the whole West Branch. You want to do that?"

"That's weird," Lyn said. "I was going to say before you interrupted that I've really been thinking about a canoe trip. It's been 10 years since I was on a real one."

"When can you start?"

"My last exam is on May 12. If I fly, I'll be home the next morning, but if I ride the bus it will be later."

"Make a reservation. I'll send a check for a plane ticket in the morning."

Like old hemp ropes, rivers tend to fray at their upper ends, dividing into a number of more or less equal strands, any one of which can logically be called the source. This is the case with the West Branch, the original strands of which rise in a 100-mile arc of highlands that stretch from roughly the Alioona-Johnstown area to the New York border. Through the offices of the U.S. Geological Survey, one of these strands has been designated as the West Branch. It begins in Cambria County on the outskirts of the village of Carrolltown from a number of seeps in a swampy bowl overlooked by several junk-food drive-ins and a public riding stable. It is not a picturesque scene, but humble beginnings should not be held against anyone, or any river.

From there the West Branch runs north and east for 240 miles—through mountains for most of the way—until at Northumberland it joins the Susquehanna, which rises at Cooperstown, N.Y. out of Otsego Lake and flows southward through less rugged terrain. The Susquehanna rolls down through the Harrisburg-York-Baltimore megalopolis until it enters—in fact, creates—Chesapeake Bay.

All in all, the Susquehanna drains 27,500 square miles.

It is the largest river flowing into the Atlantic Ocean from the continental U.S. Each day an average of 23 billion gallons pours out of the mouth of the river. However, this enormous total is more or less a drop in the bucket compared to what the river can do when it is really trying. In the flood of '72, hydrologists calculated that at its peak the river was discharging nearly 700 billion gallons of water a day into the Chesapeake.

The West Branch accounts for 6,990 square miles of the



Susquehanna drainage. When it floods, it can have a quick and vicious temper. I have seen August thunderstorms send it raging over its upstream banks. However, it has been less destructive of human life and property than some other components of the Susquehanna simply because there are fewer people along its course. This holds true especially in the up-country, which is sparsely populated; in many areas there are fewer people than there were a century or more ago, reflecting the gradual depletion

of the basin's two principal resources, timber and coal.

All through the West Branch country there are corduroy logging roads now rotting and being converted into compost; old mine shafts being filled and broken by slides; beached millraces that are now being used only by trout; collapsed bridges traversable only by raccoons; villages that were once prosperous towns. The West Branch basin of the Susquehanna may not be the best place in the world to be if you have to earn your living there, but it is a great place

continued



WEST BRANCH

continued

for wilderness and all the things that go with it.

In terms of topography and history, the obvious place for beginning a descent of the West Branch is the village of Cherry Tree, about 30 miles from the springs that are its official source. Cherry Tree was something of a boomtown during mid-19th-century logging days, being a convenient place to commence driving logs downstream and for rafters and jacks to carouse when they were not working in the woods or on the river. It is still a pretty, shaded village, but the river is merely a 30-foot-wide stream, badly silted and muddied. Quite obviously, Cherry Tree now has not much regard for the West Branch except to use it as an informal, and probably illegal, dump. And, except in times of flood, the stream here does not hold enough water to float a canoe. By ten miles or so below Cherry Tree, at McGee's Mills, the West Branch has received several infusions of water from tributary creeks, and it has leaped over rocks and gravel bars, rolled on and aerated itself many times. Thus the river has been purified.

McGee's Mills is another former logging village, but one which has shrunk to a hamlet consisting of a few old houses. Among the remaining 19th-century structures is a covered bridge that no longer bears traffic but is retained for its charm and antiquity. A lane leads down to the bridge, and the area around it is an informal park shaded by big pines—a nice picnic spot and fishing site. It is also a very good jumping-off place. The banks slope gently down to the river and it is not necessary to dodge traffic while unloading gear. However, the bridge is not far off the beaten track. As Lyn and I unloaded our gear, down the lane rattled a modishly painted van out of which emerged a fashionably bearded, sandaled, bandanned young man who was carrying a three-foot pine plank. He immediately said, "Wow, far out—a canoe. I'm into martial arts in Altoona, but I had a grungy week. I told the old lady I had to get out in the country and get my head together. I ripped off this board and I get anybody I see doing anything cool to sign it. You have got to sign."

"What are you going to do when it's filled with names?" I asked. "Split it with a single karate chop!"

"Hey, man, be serious. This is going to be one of the best things I own. I'm going to hang it up, and when I get down I'll look at it and think about today and the people and that will bring me up."

From McGee's Mills to the mouth 200 miles away, the West Branch, except for a few roiled and poisonous stretches, is crystal clear. It is so clear because it flows over rocks and because there is not much loam or farming land or living room on the ridges it passes. Also, in certain places the clarity comes from impurity, from infusions of acid mine waste, which kills organisms that make water murky. The West Branch is as clear as an Arctic river or a big spring, even in 20-foot-deep pools.

About 30 miles below McGee's Mills the West Branch is a big trout stream. It is very shallow and crooked, writhing against cliffs, wriggling through gaps, around boulders, gravel bars and ledges. Riffles are almost constant, and there are some fast chutes and short drops but no formidable rapids. It is entertaining but not dangerous white water. All of the problems met in heavy water are there, and all of the downriver techniques can be practiced. However, the penalties for error are not very harsh. In big white water, if you select the wrong stroke, miss an opening in the rocks or try to force maneuvers in the current, you may be swamped, even drowned. The shallow West Branch reminds you of your mistakes, but gently—you get a cautionary

continued



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WEST BRANCH

continued

bang from a rock on the keel or at worst end up stuck on a ledge and have to get out and pull your canoe free.

Lyn said at the start, "I haven't paddled on white water for a long time. Maybe I'm not so good anymore. If you yell at me, I'll yell back."

"You'll be all right—you had such superior early instruction," I said modestly. "Anyway, I never did yell that much—just coached forcefully."

In white water the bow paddler should be the lighter one so that the bow rides higher than the stern. This has led to the common but fallacious assumption that the bow position is somehow inferior to the stern. The truth is, in white water the bow paddler, having the best vantage point, is the tactical commander, picking the best route through the turbulence. The bow is responsible for getting the first half of the canoe through an opening into a chute or over a rapids. The stern must then follow with the second section. It is not as simple as it may sound, which is one reason in heavy white-water courses you often see abandoned canoes, bent at right angles around rocks. Improvising always, the bow throws strokes back to his or her partner, who tries to catch them, follow and adapt. It is very free-form maneuvering—in some ways like dancing—with almost no repetition, because the beat and tempo of the river are never exactly the same in any two places. White water can and should be paddle-danced without a lot of chatter. strokes following observation and feel rather than commands or comment.

As it happened, Lyn had forgotten very little and, more important, had indisputably retained a certain aggressiveness of personality which makes for a good bow paddler. She began taking charge, reading the water, decisively picking holes—usually the right ones—taking what the current and river topography gave us. After a day or so of adjusting in the shallow water upstream, we were working nicely by the time we hit bigger rapids in the downstream canyons. And there was no yelling.

For me, memories of particular places are usually as much aural as visual. One summer I walked the length of the Appalachian Trail, and one of my most vivid recollections is the song of white-throated sparrows, heard everywhere as I

moved north with the spring from Georgia to Maine. Northern lakes are loon cries. The tundra is the whine of mosquitoes. Los Angeles is the roar of traffic. Las Vegas the clank of slots.

On any white water there is a basic sound of current slapping and swooshing against rock, but the special sound of the West Branch, the one that I suspect both of us will always associate with that trip, was of chirping chipmunks. I have no zoological data to support the claim but it may be there are more chipmunks along that river than anywhere else in the world. They are there because there are tons of acorn and other mast and an infinite number of superb den sites in the pockets of humus between the rocks and roots. In part because it is such a good place for chipmunks, the narrow West Branch vales are hunted by hawks, owls, foxes and other predators.

One morning we tried to make a crude estimate of the chipmunk population, counting all the little ground squirrels we definitely saw or heard while floating along a mile of riverbank. A chipmunk every 20 feet seemed to be the situation, but these were just the ones lined up on the shore. Behind them, extending back to the cliff, were additional ranks. And presumably they were as numerous on the other side of the river as on ours. All in all, 5,000 chipmunks a mile, a million or so in the 200 miles of river, did not seem exaggerative. Whatever the true number, we were seldom out of sound of their chirping, which is very nice music for traveling.

Ine great convenience of river travel is that there is seldom any need to plan ahead, to push on to find a desirable stopping place. In the entire 200 miles of the West Branch we paddled there were probably no more than 30 that were not suitable for camping. Late on the first afternoon we came around a bend, and ahead, on a mini-delta created by the outflow of a tiny streamlet, we saw a doe and two fawns drinking. Above the gravel bar was a flat, clear bench shaded by hemlocks and sprinkled with blooming trillium. The deer ran off but we stayed there for the night.

"Exit at the second fawn. Turn left at the trillium patch," Lyn commented.

"What a wonderful way to end the day."

There are five dams on the West Branch. The lower four are minor obstacles around which a canoe can be carried without much inconvenience. The fifth—the first met upstream, at Curwensville—is a brutish structure and it requires a brutish portage: a 150-foot, 45-degree ascent of the breast, which is made of loose riprap liberally mulched with broken beer bottles, then a half-mile descent to return to the river. This takes an hour of sweating and cursing.

The Curwensville dam is about 130 feet high and half a mile long: it creates a seven-mile lake. The dam is the work of the Army Corps of Engineers. Like every canoeist I know, I am not fond of portages of any sort, and man-made ones always seem to be the worst. In strict recreational terms, therefore, I am not a fan of the Army Engineers, our leading portage makers. Also, like most canoeists and environmentalists in general, I am suspicious that if given their head the Engineers, like so many crazed beavers, might stop up every bit of flowing water we have. The following incident (others can cite similar or worse ones) is of the sort that breeds this suspicion.

The year before, I had called on the Engineers' office in charge of good and bad works in the Susquehanna basin. I had heard a rumor that a dam was being planned on the West Branch near a place called Keating. If it were to be built it would create an impoundment that would drown a section of canyon I particularly admire. I think it is of special natural significance. Indeed, said the Engineer informant, some studies were in progress. Eight or nine Susquehanna dam sites were being investigated, including the one at Keating. However, not to worry. As this Engineer explained it, Engineers spend a lot of time and money investigating the feasibility of dams. Potential hydroelectric, flood-control and recreational uses are considered and assigned numerical values. These must add up to a plus factor—i.e., the dam must have some utility, at least on paper, before blueprints are drawn or concrete poured. In the case of the proposed Keating site, the preliminary utility figure had come up negative; there were more reasons not to build it than to build it.

I still believe the corps deserves close and constant watching, even harassment.

continued



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WEST BRANCH

continued

but I am not as adamant as I once was (though many still are) that undammed rivers are always better than dammed ones, and that this is a morally superior position. It seems to me that such rigid value judgments are environmentally unnecessary, and unbecoming.

Curwensville's essential purpose is supposed to be flood control; secondarily it provides recreation. Lyn and I did not especially enjoy the seven-mile lake, since slack water is always a drag after you have been using and enjoying fast water. In the lake we had to dodge a number of powerboaters, fishermen and water skiers. Finally there was the ornery portage. Despite all this, Curwensville is an attractive lake, and if it had been made by, say, glacial action rather than by the Engineers, it would be widely admired both for its beauty and for the wildlife habitat around it, not to mention the fish within it. All the powerboaters seemed to be enjoying themselves in ways they

could not have in a shallow, free-flowing river. Their sport was not ours, but they did not appear to be noticeably less sensible or sensitive than Lyn and I.

Nine more dams on the Susquehanna would be awful and excessive. Even one more at a place like Keating would be a major loss for me, and I think a major one for the country. However, Curwensville Lake does not absolutely corrupt the whole West Branch for me and it obviously enhances its value for others whose pursuit-of-happiness rights are just as valid as mine. The boaters, fishermen and skiers make up a potent pro-clean-river constituency. It is neither seemly nor wise for environmental purists to be snobbish about them because they have different esthetic and recreational values.

Clearfield is the principal upstream commercial and trading center on the West Branch. The river runs directly through the town—Clearfield is the only

place I know of where you can pull up a canoe in an A & P parking lot—and on the whole has been treated well by it. There is about as little debris as it is possible for 10,000 persons to create. The water remains clear, suitable for swimming, very suitable for fishing.

Downstream, things are much worse, for a few miles worse than anywhere else on the West Branch. First there is the town sewage plant. Wastes are admittedly treated but then are spewed into the river in a great milky, odoriferous gout. Next to the sewage plant is the mouth of Clearfield Creek, a tributary that is almost as big as the West Branch itself. The creek is clear, but suspiciously so, being an odd yellow color like liquid soap. The rocks in it and the banks along it are stained a startling orange. The color comes from iron sulfate, which is dissolved in abandoned coal mines and pays then leaches down into the streams.

At this point there is a strange and

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WEST BRANCH

continued

very visible mix. Lyn, who had never seen such a concoction, called it a Triple-S cocktail. The yellowish water of Clearfield Creek runs in a distinct channel down the south side of the river. In the middle is the flow of whitish, opaque sewage. Most of the clean upstream water hugs the north bank, but it is shortly overwhelmed as Sulphur, Sewage and Stream are quickly blended, with immediate and toxic effect.

Upstream in the clear water we had seen a lot of fry, minnows and bigger fish. In the shallows along the shore there were great balls of polliwogs, and further inland an almost continuous line of frogs. Also present were two biological indicators that invariably attest to the liveness of water. Sandpipers skipped about on the rocks, even in the middle of rapids, foraging for aquatic invertebrates. Kingfishers perched and hovered in the air, and then plunged into the pools for fish.

Very suddenly, at the point where the Triple-S cocktail was blended, all of these things disappeared—fish, amphibians and birds. The last living thing we saw as we approached Triple-S was a small sucker that had been washed into the mess and was swimming feebly on his side at the surface.

As well as any place in the country, the confluence of Clearfield Creek and West Branch makes an irrefutable case for environmentalism. Poisoning a river—the major artery of an enormous biological community—is a terrible, destructive and dangerous thing to do. Yet, paradoxically, the situation below the point of poisoning also demonstrates how potent and successful a force environmentalism has become.

Fifteen years ago, when I first began visiting the West Branch, there were about 100 miles of virtually lifeless water below Clearfield. Numerous communities and individuals were pouring raw sewage into it and most of the tributaries were scarlet and scalding with acid mine waste. Now, six or seven miles below the poison point, we saw our first downstream fish—again a sucker—and, coincidentally, at the same spot we also saw the first two sandpipers. There are, even now, no big fish for the next 75 miles or so, but the foundations for fish and fishing are being reestablished. Big beds of mixed aquatic vegetation have begun to

grow in the river. Invertebrates are reproducing and feeding in them. There are schools of minnows at the mouths of pure-water tributaries, more raccoon tracks in the flats, more wood ducks, mallards and kingfishers nesting along the shores. Untreated sewage is now a minor, if essentially criminal, problem. Acid still enters at Clearfield and some other creeks, but many of the tributaries have been purified, and overall the river acidity is less than half of what it was.

In our third day we met another pair of canoeists—Gus, a young engineer at the Piper aircraft factory in the downstream city of Lock Haven, and his father. Both are longtime residents of Lock Haven, and both have spent a lot of time on the river. We got to talking about how it has changed for the better within our memory. "We have some bass now at Lock Haven, some trout a few miles below," said Gus, "but the biggest thing I notice is the swimming I swam in this river as a kid, and I guess I'm lucky to be alive, considering what was in it. You could only stay in 10 or 15 minutes because the acid burned your eyes so bad. Now you can snorkel or swim for hours without irritation. It is better water than you get in a lot of motel pools."

The river itself has contributed mightily to its own cleansing, but it is that complex of concerns, issues, laws and forced and voluntary actions we call environmentalism that has given the river a chance to rejuvenate. Twenty years ago the poisoning of a river did not matter to many and was accepted as an inevitable consequence of our style of life. Now it is regarded as very bad business, as both a malicious antisocial act and an unnecessary one.

The restoration of the West Branch is by no means complete. Nor, now that it has begun, is the resurrection assured. If we grow complacent or miserly about environmental works, the cycle can and will be reversed. However, this is less likely than it was even 20 years ago. We have accepted the fact that, as a kingfisher is a barometer of biological conditions in a river, the condition of the river itself is an indicator of the quality of human life.

About 10 miles below the Clearfield sewage works, the West Branch com-

mences a mountain passage through the Allegheny Front. For most of the next 70 miles it is squeezed between ridges that rise 500 feet or so above the water. The riverbanks are covered with dense stands of hemlock and rhododendron and above them is a largely unbroken mixed forest of pine, oak, maple, cherry and birch. In this stretch there are only two tiny villages, Keating and Karthaus, and only a dozen or so other permanent dwellings on the river. There are only three bridges in the canyon area and no dams. There is no other wilderness so extensive and isolated in the Susquehanna basin, and not many anywhere that rival it.

I have been coming to parts of this canyon for a long time, but these few days in May were the best ever.

The best water. There is still too much sulphur in it and not enough life, but it no longer smells like acid, and, as noted, everywhere there are signs of returning life. Otherwise the water is superb, classic West Branch clear. Deep enough so that there is no dragging or hanging up on ledges. Fast enough, with big rapids for entertainment.

The best weather. An unbroken series of dry, sunlit days and clear, cool moonlit nights.

The best company. A daughter on the safe side of the generation gap and adolescent trauma who has become a companionable young woman.

The best entertainment. Sport in the white water, swimming in the deep pools, sunning on flat rocks, enlivened by the fire, and everywhere, always, an immensely varied display of geological, botanical and zoological wonders.

Beginning with the mode of travel itself—improvising as the current demands—there is something wonderfully extemporaneous about canoeing on a wild river. Each day you know you are going to come across interesting phenomena, but you have no idea what they may be or how they will be met. There is an urge to get on with it, to see what the river and canyon have to offer.

A red fox vixen at the mouth of a den between rhododendron roots, staring intently as we drift under her bank without moving our paddles, or even our eyes. . . .

A clump of azalea bearing perhaps the most brilliant flowers that ever bloomed, so bright that at a distance, illuminated by rays of the early sun burning through the

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BE CHOOSEY

WEST BRANCH

continued

river mist, the blooming bush is mistaken for a flame. . . . A black bear track along an old corduroy road, which the bear was systematically demolishing as he hunted for grubs, mice and chipmunks. . . . A bed of shale studded with fossils at the mouth of a big tributary stream. . . . Two young great horned owls, their heads still fuzzy with infant down, unsteady and clumsy on wing. They are accompanied by an adult on what may be their maiden flight. It probably is not a pleasant one for them. They are picked up by a mob of cursing crows. As we keep pace on the water, the big hunters are harassed and driven half a mile downriver from hemlock to hemlock.

There are a few acres of flatish land gouged out of the canyonside like a terrestrial cove. This land is marked on old maps as Gullows Harbor. It was cleared and occupied by someone. Homesteaders? Loggers? The military? Now all that is left of the settlement is a wild meadow, the crumbling foundations of several cabins and a dug spring, the rockwork of which is smooth with moss, dripping with columbine. We drink at the spring, fill our water bottles and wonder about who lived here, particularly about what the ominous name Gullows Harbor signifies.

We never think about future ghosts. We can speculate about who was here a century ago, but not about who will be here a century from now. Once I was planting walnut trees at home and thinking about who would pick up and sell the nuts. I couldn't see them any more than the men who dug this spring could imagine us drinking from it.

Every canoe tourist I know has firm notions about what constitutes the Perfect Camping Spot. The PCS begins with a flat beach or wide shelving rock to which you can draw directly alongside and unload without wading or slipping in the mud. The natural wharf is also good for sunning upon after you have gone swimming in the deep pool that lies in front of it. Above the beach is a level bench covered either with evergreen needles or a heavy mulch of dry leaves. It is spacious enough for laying out bags, hanging a drying line, pitching a tent and building a fireplace (for which suitable flat rocks are nearby). Within 50 feet there are a pure spring, birch bark for tinder, dead hemlock for kindling and quan-

titles of fallen hardwood that can be broken over the knee for the fire. Finally, on this bench, situated so as to give a scenic, contemplative view of the river, are two or three trees that have been bent backward by floods and whose trunks therefore make comfortable backrests.

ot infrequently on canoe trips I have become involved in semiserious squabbles about when and where to stop for the day and set up camp. There is no disagreement about the nature of the Perfect Camping Spot, only about whether a spot in question is as near to perfect as you are going to find that afternoon. The problem is compounded in the West Branch canyon, where there is an embarrassment of PCSs. There are so many that it is difficult to choose, and they are so perfect that it seems criminal to pass any of them by, even in midmorning. The West Branch canyon would lend itself to a very satisfying project—camping at every PCS in it. A trip for this purpose might take the better part of a spring and summer.

We camped one afternoon in a PCS that had a big spring out of which ran a considerable drain that curled around the campsite through the hemlocks. Leading down from the bench to the run was a well-used game trail. Astutely analyzing the signs, I predicted that this PCS might be a good place for mingling with beavis. I was right.

Pennsylvania has more white-tailed deer than any other state except Texas, and the West Branch basin has more deer than any other area in the state. We saw lots of deer every day in and around the river, and we saw even more at night. This particular evening they were thick. Having brushed away several families of jumping mice and chipmunks, tying the food bags on limbs out of reach of raccoons, bears and whatnot, I retired to a little knoll above the spring drain. As soon as I doused the lantern the deer began to move in out of the brush where they had apparently been waiting.

Deer, especially nighttime deer, do not entirely deserve their reputation for grace and surefootedness. Three or four of them stumbling about in a small campsite, tripping over ranks of firewood and their own hooves, can make a comid-

erable racket. And in their excitement they become very vocal. In a state of mind somewhere between alarm and puzzlement, deer make a peculiar sound. It is quite un-deerlike, and I have heard those familiar with it claim that it was coming from mountain lions, wolves or maybe sasquatches. To me it has always sounded something like a heavy smoker waking up with a cold and a hangover. It is a combination of snort, hiss and bark, which can be described as a very loud "snisk."

The herdlet at this camp was especially noisy, and one animal in particular circled me, snisking so raucously that it seemed he might be working up to a tantrum. To get a little quiet and to avoid becoming a living trampoline, I picked up my sleeping bag and moved inland, lying down beside the tent in which Lyn was sleeping so as to have real protection from mosquitoes and imaginary shelter from bears. Shortly after I had resettled, something else joined the party. From the sound alone it seemed to be a set of asthmatic venetian blinds. I flicked on a light, directed it toward the grunts and rattles, eventually illuminating a stout porcupine making his way ponderously but surely toward a solitary skillet. I called Lyn, and finally she poked her head out of the tent flap. At once she began to laugh at the porcupine, who deserved it. On being discovered, he turned his back, threw up his flat tail, spread his quills and began to rattle in what he must have thought was a menacing fashion. Every few minutes he would look over his shoulder to see if he had frightened us, and finding he had not, would resume the official scare stance.

"Look at him," said Lyn, giggling. "He looks as if he's thinking, 'Oh bother, now I have to be fierce again.'" Head on, porcupines often look like reform candidates for mayor of Pittsburgh.

By and by we herded the porcupine out of camp. The sniskers quieted down and we finally got some sleep. The next morning, when we were talking about the events of the evening, Lyn came down with another laughing seizure. "I wasn't going to tell you, but I have to. It's so funny—about why you had to keep yelling to tell me the porcupine was here."

"Why?"

"I'm not scared of the animals but I am scared of noises at night. If I get think-

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WEST BRANCH

continued

ing about them I can't sleep, so I stuffed Hand-Wipes in my ears. I could just hear you, but I didn't want to take them out because I thought you had a bear."

Lock Haven is a town of some 11,000 stretched out along the West Branch. Swimming, fishing, floating on inner tubes and sitting along the banks in gazebos seem to be popular entertainments. Lock Haven has a state college, the Piper aircraft works and probably many other points of interest, but from the restricted view of itinerant canoeists the best thing in town is the Fallon Hotel.

The Fallon has a long and exotic history. Spain having sold Florida to the United States, Queen Maria Cristina had some ready cash. This came to the attention of two Irish brothers, John and Christopher Fallon, who were—how shall it be put?—international entrepreneurs. In the 1850s the Fallons convinced the queen that building a fancy hotel in Lock Haven would be a splendid investment. Maria Cristina, bless her, agreed to bankroll the Fallons, who put up a big baroque structure with brick walls, high ceilings and gaudy chandeliers. It was the talk of the river.

In recent times the Fallon has been modernized and toned down but it is still an impressive building. An annex has been added at riverside. Guests can step directly from their room onto a wharf-patio and sun themselves, or go swimming or go boating. This is also the best commercial canoe landing spot on the West Branch.

Paddlers are not a large percentage of the Fallon customers but they appear often enough (another pair had stopped by just the year before) so that the staff is not alarmed by them. No rude remarks are made to guests who drip water on the carpets. A bellman will assist with muddy duffels, and a desk clerk advises that since the security of parked canoes cannot be guaranteed, it is advisable to take paddles to the room. All in all, the Fallon is a great place to catch a hot shower, nourishment from the salad bar and some soft sheets, quite in keeping with the Perfect Camping Spot tradition of the West Branch.

Below Lock Haven, fed by such fast-water tributaries as the Sannamahoning and the Pine, the West Branch changes from a mountain stream to a big valley

river. The ridges recede and farmland becomes conspicuous. The first morning out of the Fallon, opposite Great Island, we saw cows for the first time on the trip. It was somehow appropriate to meet them there. Two centuries ago this big island served as a ford for herds of migrating wood buffalo. According to witnesses the sound of the big herd bulls bellowing challenges at their rivals was deafening around the island crossings.

Good camping places are less frequent on the lower shores, but fortunately the river has become of a size and temper to create a number of isolated islands, too vulnerable to flooding to be of much permanent use. One of these on which we stopped was half a mile long and had a classic river-island profile. The upstream end was still growing from accumulations of silt and debris. It was low, marshy and covered with wet thickets of mallow, sedge and river-birch saplings. As we drifted along its shore the land became drier, firmer, higher and older. The downstream end where the first land had been made was 30 feet above the water, with a sharp bluff at the very tip.

There are seven or eight level acres on top of this bluff, and they support an extraordinary variety of trees, some growing more than 100 feet tall, representing both highland and lowland forest types. In this small area we identified four species of birch—gray, yellow, black and river—three species each of hickory and maple, two oaks, walnut, black cherry, ash, tulip, poplar, basswood, sycamore, locust, cottonwood, elm, sassafras, white pine and hemlock. Such diversity and proximity is unusual, since many of these species are not generally compatible. Big oaks, maples and tulip poplars, for example, will shade out and eventually kill smaller trees, evergreens and sun lovers such as locust and sassafras. The fertility of the moist but well-drained island soil contributes to the special circumstances. And the island is narrow—50 yards or so across—which permits light to enter from both sides rather than only from above, as would be the case on the mainland. The trees must have taken seed at about the same time on the island—from the looks of the bigger ones, about two centuries ago. With no

species having much of an initial advantage, they have grown together, stretching upward in competitive union.

The town of Jersey Shore is screened from the river by a maze of islands through which we came one afternoon. We ended up in the middle of the largest group of people we were to meet on the river, 20 students splashing about with nets. They were members of a freshwater ecology class organized four years ago by William Graff, a biology teacher at the Jersey Shore Area High School. At that moment Graff was hip deep in the West Branch encouraging his students as they measured current velocity, took samples of water and soil for laboratory testing and collected aquatic plants and animals. He says he has been very pleased with the elective course his students are enrolled in; he feels it has better acquainted them and their parents with the river that flows past their community.

Deb Waltz, a junior, had become thoroughly soaked dragging a net through the shallows. "I am collecting organisms," she explained.

"What kind?"

"Whatever organisms I can catch."

Waltz said that eventually she would like to be either a jockey or a veterinarian, but in the meantime freshwater ecology has been her best class. "I like anything alive, and I've found out about all sorts of things living in the river that I didn't know about," she said.

Each year, said Graff, his students are finding that the river has become more wholesome, less polluted and less acid. In consequence, life forms are more numerous and varied. Recently, for the first time in decades, trout rejoined the community of organisms in this stretch of the West Branch.

Since the mid-19th century, Williamsport has been the West Branch metropolis. It is now a city of 38,000. For a time after the Civil War it was the logging capital not only of the Susquehanna but of the nation.

Now Williamsport has turned to other industry and because of repeated flooding it has more or less turned its back on the river. Only marginal enterprises are still located directly on the river. These and the rest of the city are separated from it by high flood walls and levees. From canoe level, the effect is sim-

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WEST BRANCH

continued

ilar to running between canyon walls. It is hard to see much of Williamsport or get into it. Fortunately, we had only one bit of business to transact in the city—filling our water jugs. By and by we came to one of the less precipitous embankments, climbed it, crossed a railroad and descended through the green briars into the backyard of an elderly South Williamsport resident who was watering his garden. When we explained ourselves, he was very cooperative and enthusiastic. "Mother, Mother," he called to his wife. "Come out here. Here's a fellow and his daughter who have paddled a canoe all the way from above Clearfield. They're going to use our water."

"Clearfield," said the lady after she had come out of the house and heard the story for herself. "When we were in Florida we met a lovely couple from Clearfield. Their name was Hadley, or maybe Halsey. Do you know them?"

"Actually we live around Gettysburg," I said. "We just passed through Clearfield and didn't have a chance to talk to many people."

"You drove all the way up there to come down the river?" said the lady. "How fast do you go? Would you like some ice cubes in your jugs?"

"About 20 or 25 miles a day. Thanks, but the ice would just melt. All we need is something wet."

"You must have been in some wild country. Where did you get your water?"

"Up until now mostly from springs. Right out of the mountain. Just like old times."

Though we had feared the worst, Williamsport, to its credit, does not foul the river. The water remains clear and the acid has been all but dissipated. In fact, this lower section is the most vital in terms of aquatic life. One morning, from her vantage point in the bow, Lyn counted 103 of what she classified as "really big fish." Most of them were suckers and bass, perhaps 14 inches long.

Below Williamsport the major highways bypass the flood plain. Some country roads meander along the north bank, connecting villages that were built in the 18th century, prospered in the 19th and have long since become stable in size and expectations. The scene on that side is pastoral and antique. On the other bank it is still wild as the river beats against the last of the big Appalachian ridges—

Bald Eagle Mountain. Surprisingly, the lower river still has some respectable white water. It is not created by pitch and speed as in the highlands, but by sheer power. As the current is forced through narrow interland channels, some heavy standing waves are created. There is no need for maneuvering since these are straight, deep shots. It is a matter of getting set, more or less like riding a hucking horse.

All along the lower river are convincing signs of how strong and savage it is: the remains of a railroad bridge crumpled casually like a cheap toy, gaping cuts in the bank, the front quarters of a Chevrolet wedged high in a tangle of current-blasted oak. There are very good reasons for Williamsport and other communities to have stepped gingerly away from this river, and for fortifying themselves against it. Yet, at least for the visitor, it is not for permanent residents, there is something grand about its power and latent savagery.

The West Branch is truly a wild river, though not of the picture-postcard variety. It has never been pampered, protected by legislative acts, or guarded by park rangers. We have had at it ferociously for the better part of two centuries. We have taken our best shots. We have used and abused it as we have few big rivers. It has been scared and tamed by what we call civilization, but it has not succumbed. It has survived because of its great powers of resistance. It has held us at bay, defended its own wildness. To personally, perhaps, outrageously, the West Branch is a river of great integrity, and that is why I have always admired it so much.

Boiling around Bald Eagle Mountain, still demanding that people and their works keep a respectful distance, it powers down to Northumberland and joins the Susquehanna, a more sluggish river, for the final run to the sea.

By chance we finished our trip on the eve of the siren gaddler's 50th birthday.

"What a hell of a way to end the first 50 years," I said.

"And begin the second 50," Lyn said. "Let's make a date for 2027." I said, "I may get hung up on a rock or a hard place, but you come back and check out the West Branch. You can tell me about it later."

"I'll be there," Lyn said.

END



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Yesterday

by JOHN GONELLA

A BROKE SCOT HAS A HIGH OLD FLING GOLFING WITH AN AUTOCRATIC ARMOUR

When I came to America from Scotland in February 1948, I was 30 years old, a crack amateur golfer and not a complete stranger to opulence or autocratic power. I had spent seven years in the British army; I had been a guest of the Duke of Buccleuch on the Scottish border; I had visited the Gackwar of Baroda and the Maharajah of Indore in India; I had dined at the viceregal lodge in New Delhi as the guest of Field Marshal Archibald Wavell, then the Viceroy of India.

But because the power and wealth in those places was subdued rather than flaunted, the ostentation of the Boca Raton Hotel in Florida and the power wielded there by the famed old golf pro Tommy Armour astounded me. Armour, a lean, silver-haired Scotsman who had been one of the best golfers in the world in the late '20s and early '30s when he won the U.S. and British Opens and the PGA Championship, now reigned supreme as the resident golf pro at Boca Raton. I went to Boca at Armour's invitation because of his boyhood friendship with my father.

When I drove up to the front entrance of the hotel, Armour, who was then 52, was there, accompanied by three uniformed doormen. "Pete," he ordered, "take my friend's car. Joe, get that golf bag round to the shop. Bill, go down to the Cibsana Club and tell them we're ready for lunch."

I was led through the lobby to the back of the hotel, where we sat down at what was obviously the best table in the golfers' grillroom. In a matter of seconds we were surrounded by waiters, each of whom tried to be first to offer his services to my host.

During lunch, which Armour ordered with a flair that would have put Lucius Beebe to shame, I was informed that after the repast Tommy and I would play two pro-am championships from Chicago. I protested that

I could not play in what I ascertained would be a money round because I had no money. Armour gave me a withering look and said, "We'll take care of the bets. You just play." I marveled at his confidence in somebody he had never seen swing a club and said so. Once again he gave me a pitying look and said, "You think I came up the Clyde on a banana boat? I talked to a mutual friend last night. You can play. Even if you can't, I'll beat these turkeys by myself."

As it turned out, even though I shot a creditable 72, he did. Our opponents had a better ball of 68, four under par, but Armour shot 66 on his own ball, and we won the first nine, the back nine and the match.

Back in the golf shop, Tommy grunted a word of appreciation for my round but added, "How do you expect to be able to play well with the damned garden rakes you have in your bag? Here are some good clubs!" He threw me a box of Tommy Armour MacGregor woods and irons and dumped my old clubs in a trash barrel. The only club he let me keep was a putter I had been given at Carnoustie in 1931, when I was 14 years old. It had been a gift from Jose Jurado, the tiny Argentinian who bogeyed the last two holes that year, thereby allowing Armour to win the British

Open—a turn of events that enraged the Prince of Wales, who was Jurado's friend and was scheduled to present the trophy to the winner.

More indicators of the esteem in which Armour was held at Boca Raton quickly followed. At the back of the golf shop there was a small lounge that separated the shop from the main grillroom. An invitation to sit around the rectangular table there and listen to Armour talk was much prized, and woe betide the man who failed to show proper respect. That first day I was at Boca, every chair but one was taken. Tommy was well into one of his stories, everyone listening in silent reverence, when the door opened and a tall, dignified man walked in. He sensed at once that he had entered at a wrong moment, and he stood, waiting respectfully, until the story was finished. Then, at a signal from Armour, he quietly sat down. I found out later that he was the chairman of the board of Republic Steel.

When the story-telling session was over, Tommy invited me to dinner at his home in Delray. We were greeted at the door by his wife, who welcomed me as if I were a friend of long standing. If it is possible to feel at home in the first two minutes in a strange house, I did.

Armour suggested we shower. As we left the living room he said to his wife, "Ten minutes, honey."

We had showered and were toweling off, in all our male glory, when the bathroom door opened and Mrs. Armour walked in with two Scotch-and-waters on a silver tray. Tommy picked his watch off the chair and said, "You're two minutes late—I said 10 minutes."

Without a trace of embarrassment Mrs. Armour put the drinks down on the table and left. Tommy, noting my acute discomfort, laughed and said, "She's seen naked men before—what do you think is so special about you?"

As I was leaving later that night, Armour's parting words were, "Be at the hotel at 10:30 tomorrow morning. I've got to introduce you to my friend Karl in the lobby." This cryptic statement meant nothing to me, but the experiences of the day had convinced me that I should ask no questions.

Promptly at 10:30 the next morning I was again met by Armour at

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YESTERDAY continued

the hotel entrance. This time, instead of walking through to the golf shop, we took a right turn into a lobby that housed half a dozen very fancy and very expensive stores. In the Boca Raton branch of one of New York's best men's clothing stores, Armour was effusively greeted by the manager.

"Karl, old friend," said Armour, "this is my friend John Gonnella, just arrived from Scotland. Fix him up. All he's got are heavy tweeds and thick flannels. It's cold in Scotland."

For the next 15 minutes I stood in wonderment as Karl stride from shelves to display cases to clothing racks, taking half a dozen shirts from one place, beautiful light linen slacks from another, and undershorts, socks, two sports coats and three cashmere sweaters from hither and yon. He put all these clothes into boxes and gave them to me with a friendly smile and the words, "No charge to Mr. Armour's friends. I hope you will come see us again."

Then Tommy marched me out of the store and back to the golf shop. "Now you can play in Florida in comfort," he said, "instead of sweating your guts out. Wear the white shirt with the blue slacks—you'll look real sharp." And I should have. The only thing that Karl had forgotten to do was take off the price tags. When I read them, I nearly fainted.

A couple of days later, before our daily match with the two Chicaguans, Tommy took me down to the Cabana Club for lunch. There, by the pool, we joined a group of perhaps six people who were also Armour's guests. After drinks and what seemed to me a Lucullan lunch, Tommy called for the check. He took a look at it and growled to the waiter, "This is too damned high for me to pay. Carlos, you see that black-haired guy sitting at the end of the pool with the blue robe—the one with the three women? Give him this check and tell him old Tom is a bit short today."

The waiter, to whom this routine was obviously not new, walked to the end of the pool, held over the black-haired guy with the blue robe and handed him the check. Almost immediately the man turned around with a big smile, waved his hand and yelled, "O.K., Tommy, no problem—I'll take care of it." I got the waiter's attention as we were leaving the Cabana Club, and he told me that the bill was \$118, including tip.

The following afternoon, Tommy and

continued

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Here at Scotts in Marysville, Ohio, we make one fertilizer you can use on all your flowers. And that includes seeds, seedlings and full-grown perennials. We simply call it Grow Flowers.

You don't have to use this fertilizer as often as some other brands.

While most fertilizers are made to release their nitrogen right away, we

make ours to release its nitrogen slowly. Your flowers get a good feeding to start off with, then a little more week after week.

This longer feeding is what helps give you more blooms on your plants and brighter color too. (You look better when you eat regularly. And so do your flowers.)

As you can see from the boxes below, we also have some simple ways to take care of your shrubs and trees, acid-loving plants and transplants. The nutritional ingredients in each of these are in correct proportion to their use. (Flowers need more of one thing, trees more of another.)

They're all safe to use if you just do what it says on the package. Like every fertilizer we make, each one has our special slow-release formula for a balanced, prolonged feeding and slow even growth.

We tested all these fertilizers ourselves so we know just what they can do. They will give you healthy looking plants and better growth and that's a promise.

You'll find our guarantee right there on every box. It says, "If for any reason you are not satisfied with results after using this product, you are entitled to get your money back. Simply send us evidence of purchase and we

will mail you a refund check promptly."

We made that simple too.



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YESTERDAY continued

I went to the grillroom for lunch before our fifth round against the Chicagoans. As we sat down, Tommy asked, "You ever meet Hagen?" I allowed as how I had watched the great Walter play in the British Open several times when I was a schoolboy but had never met him "Toby," Tommy called to the bartender, "get me Hagen on the phone, Detroit Athletic Club—last stool at the left end of the bar, and bring us a phone."

Two minutes later our phone rang. Armour picked it up and said, "Hello, you old has-been. There's a friend of mine here from Scotland I want you to meet. Walter Hagen—John Gonella." And he handed me the phone. I can't remember the details of the conversation, except that Hagen asked me to challenge Armour on his behalf for \$1,000, or any multiple thereof. When I relayed this challenge, Tommy laughed and snorted. "Can't hit his hat, never could, as far as I'm concerned." But I sensed the deep affection and respect that he felt for his old friend and rival.

On the 1st hole of that fifth round I was given a wonderful example of Armour's knowledge and mastery of the game. I had hit my second shot to the green the only way I knew how—with a right-to-left draw. The ball came to rest about 15 feet to the right of the stack. Tommy must have sensed that I felt pretty satisfied with the shot, because he walked over to me and said, "Why the hell do you play dumb shots?" Startled, I replied, "What's so dumb about a shot that gives me a fair chance at a three?"

"Is there a sand trap on the left of the green?"

"No."

"Is there a sand trap at the front of the green?"

"No."

"Is there a sand trap on the right of the green?"

"Yes."

"That's why you played a dumb shot. Watch."

He dropped three balls on the fairway. The first one, which he hit left-to-right, landed three-quarters of the way up an embankment in front of the green and bounced on. The second one he hit dead straight at the flag. It, too, fell short and ran up on the green about six feet from the hole. The third ball he hit with a right-to-left draw on the same line that I had hit mine. Only, he hit it a fraction fat. That ball also hit three-quarters of the

way up the embankment—except that in this case, the embankment was a sand trap.

"See what I mean, you dummy?"

All the time this lesson was going on, one of our Chicago millionaires, who seemed less in awe of Armour than anybody else at Boca, was yelling, "Come on, Maestro, save your sermons for the practice tee—we're playing for money!"

For three more days, my wonderment growing with every round, our foursome teed off at noon. On the second-to-last day I holed a 30-footer at the 17th for a birdie to win the hole. Armour, standing on the other side of the green, took off his big straw hat and swept it in an exaggerated bow in my direction. I turned to Muggins, the caddy who had been with Armour for a thousand years, and asked, "What deserved that? That's not the first birdie I've made." Muggins, who was well up in years and had few, if any, teeth, mumbled, "Damn well should take 'is hat off—you just saved 'im seven hundred and fifty." I thus learned for the first time in seven rounds what the bet was. We were playing for \$250 Nassau, with automatic two-down presses. At that early stage of my American golfing experience, I didn't even know what a Nassau or a press was. But I had an idea of how much \$250 was, and I also knew it was about \$250 more than I had in the world.

After our eighth and last round, Tommy asked all of us to dinner in one of Delray's best restaurants. After more than a few belts and an excellent meal, he announced that he was paying the bill out of his half of what we had won. He also handed me his personal check for \$875. "That's your half," he said. I was new to America and its golfing customs, had never played for more than two shillings and sixpence a round and had been the lucky recipient of more hospitality and undeserved booty than I had ever dreamed of. I tried to refuse the check.

"John, how much money do you have in your pocket right now?" Armour asked. Embarrassed, I mumbled, "Two dollars and some change."

"Well, let me tell you something," he said, "That check, which is half of what you helped win the last eight days, comes off the top of millions of dollars—maybe even more than that, if the insurance business has been good the last week. Stick it in your pocket, and shut up."

I did both.

END



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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 24-30

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: Getting 31 points, this is the first time since Allen Iverson's 31-point effort in Game 6 in his series with Washington at Capital Centre—because the Spurs' Rudy R. won at Landover in two NBA seasons. They will have to win the playoffs. The Bulls won the game 101-100 and the series in six games in the playoffs against Philadelphia. Washington this grabbed a 3-0 lead in a 121-117 overtime victory in the best-of-seven playoff. Defending champion Portland, which lost 106-98 at Seattle, faced the Blazers in Game 1. Portland won 101-98, but they were playing without Bill Walton, Lloyd Neal, and Bob Gross, all of whom were injured for the rest of the playoffs.

BOWLING—DONNA ADAMER, Detroit's Pat Connelley 15 pins to win the \$23,000 WPGA Redford 181 (1-1).

BOXING—In a 10-round non-title fight, ROBERTO DURAN, the world lightweight champion, won a unanimous decision over Adolfo Vazquez in Madison Square Garden (page 71).

BASEBALL—The WFL season—baseball's first season—ended with Ray Fatt in the MFL round in Los Angeles. Angelino has a 14-1 record with 44 strikeouts.

BOWLING—PHIL BRIGGS won the men's championship in the U.S. 15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-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2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SPIRIT OF DETROIT

Sir,

Congratulations are due Larry Keith and Jerry Kirshenbaum for their excellent articles in the April 24 issue on the Tigers (*Roar! No, the Tigers Go "Tweety!"*) and the Red Wings (*Octopuses Were Flying!*). Along with the renovation of downtown Detroit, these two teams are symbols of the new spirit that has put a dash of excitement into what was a depressing city.

Ralph Houk deserves the accolades of the baseball world for his patience in constructing "the best young team in baseball." Maybe good young teams finish third, but by the time those blue seats have all been installed in Tiger Stadium, the Bird and the rest of the Battling Bengals will be walking off with a World Series.

As for the Red Wings, Coach Bobby Kromm and General Manager Ted Lindsay have to be considered miracle workers. The Wings fell to the mighty Canadians this year,

but Detroit hockey fans will be throwing octopuses on the Olympia ice for years to come.

JEFFREY E. PICKHAM
Birmingham, Mich.

Sir,

People who throw live octopuses onto the ice should stay away from hockey; obviously, they've been hit on the head by the puck once too often.

HILLEN M. BEARIE
Stockton, Calif.

Sir,

Hats off to Jerry Green for his account of the rejuvenation of aging Tiger Stadium. Owner John E. Fetzer's determination to keep the Tigers on the corner of Michigan and Trumbull is a tribute not only to the likes of immortals Cobb, Gehringer, Greenberg and Kalline, but also to the people of Detroit, who deserve better than a 29-mile trip to suburban to support their baseball team.

TOWNSEND HOOVER III
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sir,

I grew up in the shadow of Tiger Stadium and never missed a Tiger game from '35 to '48. After reading Jerry Green's story, I swear I could smell those great hot dogs grilling.

AL GILZMAN
Las Vegas

Sir,

While other teams are willing to overpay players in an attempt to win "instant" pennants, it is heartening to see a team that is content to build the old-fashioned way—from its own farm system. When Detroit's turn comes to win the pennant, the victory will be appreciated that much more.

TOM MIDDLETON
New Kingstown, Pa.

Sir,

How many times are you going to put Mark Fidrych on your cover? Your April 24 issue was for the birds!

STAN W. FRYCZENSKI
Bayonne, N.J.



JOE HALL'S KENTUCKY
Sir:

Congratulations to Barry McDermott for one "hail" of a feature on Kentucky's championship season (*Forty Minutes to Glory*, April 24). Those of us in North Carolina who love basketball in much the same way as Kentuckians can appreciate the constant pressure on coach and players because we are the ones who apply it.

Unfortunately, Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall's predicament is not unique. Gene Bartow would not put up with the living ghost of John Wooden at UCLA. Dan Devine found himself in a similar situation following in the footsteps of Ara Parseghian at Notre Dame until his team won this year's football championship. And pity the man who follows Dean Smith.

REID TLYM
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

Never before have I seen the phenomenon of "pressure" so well expressed in writing.

PALL J. PUPPO
Pittsburgh

Sir:

As a Kentuckian, I am very proud of the Wildcats and the job Coach Hall did this year.

Hall was an example to others, especially to his players, that nothing worthwhile can be achieved without dedication, hard work and determination. I'm sure some of the other teams had more "fun," but they didn't win the NCAA title. I'm also sure the Wildcats had plenty of fun when they brought home the trophy.

JACK HARRIS
Elizabethtown, Ky.

Sir:

In his quest to emulate famed Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp and win an NCAA title, Joe Hall found it necessary to become involved in recruiting violations, subject his players to militarylike discipline, publicly criticize them after sub-par performances and install in them an almost fanatical devotion to basketball and to winning. I, for one, would rather see a feature on a coach like Duke's Bill Foster, who can field a championship-caliber team without having to put college basketball so wildly out of perspective.

BRENT A. TOWBIRK
Richmond

JIMMY JACKSON'S RESPONSE
Sir:

In the last month or so, Herron Werskopf and Bruce Newman have written articles on

wrestling that have included me (After the Fall in Duqueland, March 20, and *The Brothers Raised a Ruckus*, April 24). I'd like to say that I was very displeased! In both articles I seem to be a villain.

Werskopf's article on Louisiana State's wrestling program was not completely accurate. I beat George Auyeb because I was a better wrestler, not because he made a "freshman's error."

In his article, Newman doesn't seem to understand that I'm also a student and must attend school, so I was unable to go to the AAU championships in Ames, Iowa that week. I had wrestled two weeks earlier in the World Cup in Toledo, beating Soslan Anduev, the Olympic gold medalist and three-time world champion, 8-6. And one week later I beat Anduev in East Lansing, Mich., by a fall. So you see, I do wrestle around, but I wait for a tournament that I think is of national or world quality. I have beaten Erlend van Luthé de Jude and Greg Wojciechowski several times in the past, and I will do it again this summer in the World Games trials. That tournament will prove who is the best heavyweight in the U.S. today.

JIMMY JACKSON
Stillwater, Okla.
continued

The race in business starts every business morning. Are you ready every morning?

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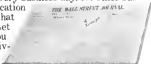
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Designer John Wietz



19TH HOLE continued

ON BOARDS

Sir

The sport of the '80s is here! We skateboarders in Rochester, Mich., think your move to make "rad" O.K. with dad was very "tasty" (Super Rad Means O.K., Dad, April 24). Keep up your interest in skateboarding, and we'll yawn along with your golf articles (no offense Dad). SkateBoarder magazine is fine, but your coverage, in my opinion, will make the public more aware that skateboarding is an art and a sport, not a Saturday morning TV phenomenon.

CHRIS YANDALL
Rochester, Mich.

Sir

William Zinsner's piece on skateboarding evokes this comment from a 33-year-old female hot-wheels aficionado. All athletes become a bit more cautious with advancing years, but even Katharine Hepburn has been known to do a mean grapevine on her skateboard. I'm less likely to push myself to do high-risk maneuvers than I was in the good old days. But, believe me, I "go for it"—over 30, female and all. Flipping into some fast turns in front of the Superdome or getting quickly and smoothly to various air terminals makes my traveling job as host for "Women in Sports" on the CBS Sports Spectacular even more fun.

So, go for it yourself, Zinsner. Just wear gloves and pick a small hill at first.

CHRIS CRAFT
CBS Sports
New York City

ON FOOT

Sir

Dr. George Sheehan's article *On the Run* but in *No Hurry* (April 17 and 24) was a beautiful, realistic, stark picture of running. As a novice, I have experienced the loneliness and psychological barriers of running. Yet, there is something very contagious about getting in that extra lap or mile.

Sheehan not only told why a person would want to run, but he also gave me hope that I might be able to increase my mileage and maybe even run 26 miles and 385 yards.

WILLIE LOWMYER
Fowler, Colo.

Sir

For those of us who have been running since the '60s, George Sheehan has emerged as our spokesman. His account of his experiences in the '76 and '77 Boston Marathons was a sheer joy to read.

RON GARDNER
Miami, Ariz.

Sir

Dr. Sheehan expresses an attitude toward physical fitness that I hope will become as popular as running itself. With fitness come self-confidence and pride, qualities that Sheehan possesses and expresses so well.

WILLIAM BAKER
Southboro, Mass.

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

Sir

Dr. Sheehan's grim depiction of distance running as some sort of masochistic ego-trip ritual is one that many of us who participate in the sport are not fully prepared to accept. Pain and the mystique of overcoming it are but one facet of the total experience of running, an experience that should make one feel better, not worse. If Dr. Sheehan is suffering so much, perhaps he ought to pause at the top of the hill, sniff the wild flowers, enjoy the view and contemplate the long, happy run downhill.

CHARLES KING
 Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir

One should not randomly criticize elderly physicians who keep their bodies in reasonably good physical condition. This is an admirable characteristic. However, reading Dr. Sheehan's article reminds me of Mark Twain's description of a politician making a speech down around Aurora, Nev. The fellow had an inflated idea of his own accomplishments, and his speech could be only partially written up in the newspaper because the typesetter ran out of the capital letter J.

Many of us physicians are frustrated athletes, and certainly there is no harm in doing as well as we can. However, to imply that completion of the marathon is a feat practically equivalent to the Resurrection is somewhat wearisome.

ROBERT R. McIVOR, M.D.
 Livermore, Calif.

Sir

The method of taking one's pulse described by Dr. Sheehan—that is, by grasping both carotid arteries simultaneously—is a risky practice that may lead to fainting, dangerous heart-stopping, etc. A safer technique is to take the pulse of one carotid artery or—easier yet—measure the radial pulse by placing the index and middle fingers across the wrist so that their tips are on the thumb side of the hand.

RELA CYRIL LAA
 Forest Park, Ill.

ONE FOR POPCORN

Sir

Concerning your reference to Bill Walton sitting in the stands eating popcorn and watching his teammates in the NBA playoffs (Why Is This Man Eating Popcorn? April 17), I resent the fact that you call popcorn junk food. It is in fact good food and good for you. It is only when you put tons of salt, seasoning and butter on popcorn that it takes on the aspects of junk food.

GARY A. FREITAS
 San Jose, Calif.

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